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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

VOL. I.—No. 4.

MONTREAL, 28th JULY, 1888.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM.
10 CENTS PER COPY.



"THE WOOING OF HIAWATHA."

PERSONAGES:—*Hiawatha*: Hon. Thos. Greenway; *Minnehaha*: The Province of Manitoba.

LEGEND.

Adapted (with alterations) from Longfellow.
Then with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the game upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before her!

At the feet of Minnehaha
Hiawatha laid his burden;
Threw the bear from off his shoulders,
—The monopol'y, *Miske-Mekwa*,—
And the game, *Oneme, Bena*,—
Trophies of his skill and valour.

Then uprose the noble maiden,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Said with loving look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha,
I will follow you, my Husband!"

The Dominion Illustrated.

10 cents per copy; \$4 a year.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON, Publishers,
162 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

28th JULY, 1888.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

Send us \$4 for one year, or \$1 for three months, by Post-office order or registered letter.

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TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—We are anxious to procure good photographs of important events, men of note, city and town views, forest and farm operations, seaside resorts, mountain and prairie scenery, salmon and trout fishing, yachting, etc., from all parts of the Dominion, and we ask photographers, amateur and professional, to show their patriotism, as well as their love of art, by sending us prints of such subjects as may enable us to lay before our readers, at home and abroad, interesting and attractive pictures of Canada.

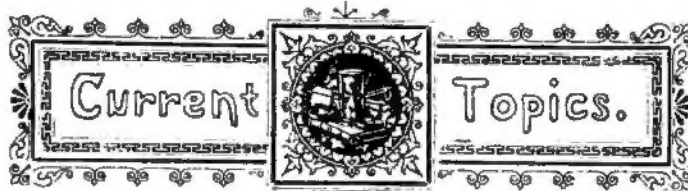
We owe it to our Toronto and Western subscribers and agents, and to ourselves as well, to explain that the delay in the delivery of our No. 3, of 21st July, arose from causes both unforeseen and inevitable, which are not likely to occur again. It is our intention to deliver the paper in Toronto not later than Friday, and in the most westerly points of Ontario on Saturday, and we shall be glad to be notified directly of any delay in its arrival.

Correspondents sending manuscripts which they wish returned, if not accepted, are requested to enclose stamps for return postage.

Our next issue will contain engravings of several views on the Saguenay; Trinity College, Toronto; two sketches by Robt. Harris, R.C.A., of bass fishing on the Chateaugay and a march out of the Salvation Army in Toronto; portraits of the three new Lieutenant-Governors: Schultz, of Manitoba; Royal, of the Northwest, and McLennan, of Nova Scotia; also one of W. H. Howland, Esq., ex-Mayor of Toronto; besides a powerful cartoon on the baneful effect of "Power" on policy, and our usual variety of art and foreign subjects.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to this institution, which was established in 1887, with a board of management and a staff of teachers, at the head of whom is Mr. Edward Fisher, well known in his profession throughout the country. There is no other establishment of the kind in Canada, and its success should therefore be a matter of interest to every Canadian. There were 600 pupils at the first, not only from Toronto city, but from all parts of the Dominion, and from the additional inducements held out next year, in the way of concerts, recitals, lectures and other helps to teaching, there is ground for belief that the prosperity of the Conservatory will go on increasing. In fact, the prospect is so bright that steps are being taken to purchase a site for a combined conservatory, court hall and art gallery. Fuller particulars may be obtained on application to Mr. Edward Fisher, Musical Director, corner Yonge street and Wilton avenue.



The meetings in Montreal against immigration are a mistake, and it is a wonder that some of our public men take part in them. The abuses complained of do not exist, as every one knows who has had experience of the movement. Utter paupers there are none; vagrants there are a few; but they, and even the class of clerks and other unsuitable applicants, amount to only a few hundreds as compared to the thousands that land in this port every season.

Mechanics and skilled workingmen can find work at once. The demand for farm help is thousands of times larger than the supply. Indeed, there is a famine of such in the country parts, and the Eastern Townships and the Argenteuil Valley would take up all that come. As to domestic service, there is another dearth, which does not begin to be met. Our Canadian girls all go to the factories and will not stoop to household labour. And yet this kind of help is in the natural order of things and quite indispensable.

The plenty of the crops is not equal everywhere, but there is more than a full average all over, and quite enough whereon to predicate a good year. It is singular that Ontario should be short again this year, whereas old Quebec shows well, and the Northwest, with Manitoba, holds its own. As to the Maritime provinces, we have only to name the Annapolis Valley, the garden of our seaboard, which an Ottawa correspondent specially recommends to our consideration.

British high life is giving the colonies and the rest of the world a sorry lesson in the matter of the Marlborough wedding. American trifling with the holiness of the marriage tie is bad enough, but when it penetrates into such a refuge of sound traditions as old England, it is time to look out and cry halt. The aristocracy are giving an ostentatious welcome and sanction to a singularly flagrant case of the violation of the household sanctities. Fortunately, the Queen is there, in the last resort, to uphold the indissolubleness of matrimony in the name of first principles.

Equally disheartening and disgusting is the scurrility indulged in by the best American press during the present Presidential campaign. We had published the hope that there would be less of it this year, but, if anything, it is worse. Our neighbours would stand aghast if they knew what a show their journals make among strangers. Taking only the atrocities launched against the private life of Mr. Cleveland, they are simply incredible, and are known by the writers themselves to be outrageous lies. In the name of Christianity and civilization, this ought to stop.

There is an occasional tendency to imitate this style of polemics in our Canadian press, and some very wicked things have been hurled, with unmerciful ferocity, against our best political men on both sides. But, on the whole, our mode of discussion in the papers is cast after British patterns. Where we are more blameworthy, however, is in the aping of the innovations and many of the flip-pant, coarse ways of American journalism. Our neighbours have nothing to teach us, and we ought to be individual there, as in everything else.

It comes out now that Voltaire, and not Madame de Pompadour, is responsible for the sneering re-

ference to New France "as only a few arpents of snow." Voltaire uses the expression in *Candide*, and again in a State paper, written for Frederick the Great, but, it is worthy of remark, that there is no hostile meaning against Canada, the rebuke being addressed to the French Government for neglecting the colony, as if it were worth no more than a small stretch of frozen ground. Voltaire was no fool, and knew the value of New France.

What we stated in a paragraph last week deserves to be repeated in another paragraph. Now that a share of self government is being granted to the Northwest Territories, it is the part of wisdom, which is only another name for foresight, to take care that the rights and privileges of the voters be strictly and liberally defined, and the relative standing of the new Lieutenant-Governor with the Legislative body be understood beyond cavil. The experience of the United States in the management of territories, and their admission into the Union, is fraught with lessons for us.

Indeed, the experience of the older provinces, chiefly of the Province of Quebec, is there to give warning. In this province we are too much governed. The Government meddle in too many things, and the ignorant classes rely too much on Government for money and otherwise. This has been going on since Confederation year, 1867, and the condition of the Provincial Exchequer bears evidence as to the result. Provinces should be "run" like banks, on strictly business principles, and therein Ontario sets the example.

During this summer season, while there is a slackness in trade, there is also a dulness in political activity. There were only one or two ministers in Ottawa, last week, and not even as many in Toronto and Quebec, as the despatches told us. These officers are taking a few weeks of rest, which they have fairly earned, and politicians generally know enough to keep away from the several capitals during that time. The papers are correspondingly tame, thus being enabled to devote more space to literature and the other graceful accomplishments of life and society.

We frequently read in the personal notes of the daily press that Mr. So-and-so is about to sail "for home." This is intended to mean that our distinguished fellow-citizen is leaving for England. Now, we submit that it is high time Canadians should consider and call CANADA home, and not England, nor Scotland, nor Ireland, any more than France or Germany. Our home is here. When we leave Canada, we go abroad; we go to the Old Country, to *la Mère Patrie*, to the Fatherland, but when we come back we come HOME. Let that be understood, and let us call things by their names.

A WISE POLICY.

Of all the measures to be taken by the Government, backed by the hearty support of the people, for the advancement of the country and its material growth, none is more important than that which tends to increase our population. If one wise policy of the Americans deserves to be emulated more than another it is that which forced the tide of emigration from the shores of the Old World to those of the New, and which is sure to people the Union with 100,000,000 of inhabitants before the beginning of the next century. The reasoning of our neighbours was stamped with their usual common sense and foresight—we have

the land, millions upon millions of acres; we have the climate, of every variety suited to the human frame and fitted for every kind of grain, fruit and flower; we have three seaboard commanding the import and export markets of the world—let us fill up our vacant spaces, give work to every hand that can turn, and furnish a home to all that want to make a fair livelihood and live under free institutions.

In no small way, and very much in the same proud and eager spirit, we ought to argue on similar grounds, and work to a like result. Territorially, Canada is larger than the United States, and even discounting our Arctic region as against the great American desert, we have arable and prairie land in excess of the Americans. Our forests are greater; our mines spread over a larger surface; and, saying nothing of our fisheries, in the way of manufactures and industries, we are almost self-sustaining. We acquired the immense Hudson's Bay Territory at a bargain; we secured a foothold on the Pacific coast through the offer of British Columbia to join the Confederacy; in five years we built a railway across the continent and binding two oceans, and now there remains the reaping of the fruit of so much outlay. The Northwest must be filled up; the land pledged for the railway must be sold, and passengers must be provided for the railway itself. It is not enough that the company is managed with rare energy and skill by very able men; the Government and the country must give them a helping hand in the encouragement of immigration. It is inexplicable that there should be found anyone to object to this policy, and, whatever may be said about immigration into the older provinces, which are not one-third settled, especially Quebec, there can possibly be no difference about the absolute necessity of settling the Northwest as fast and as well as possible. Much money has been spent in this behalf, and doubtless there have been mistakes and much waste, but at present the system works almost of itself, and, like all good things, immigration reproduces itself, by those who have settled in the Northwest writing over to their people and friends at home to come and join them. State aid is no longer essential; the movement is necessary and spontaneous, as of overflowing springs, and all that the country need do will be to provide cheap lands and a comfortable homestead to the thousands that will continue to come over for years.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

Like the wizard's looking glass, this scheme has been playing before our eyes these five or six years, dazzling with fantastic forms, captivating colours and far horizons of unbounded possibilities. The writer has watched it with interest, and occasionally with amusement, during that time. He was entertained in the men who gradually took sides in the discussion. Mr. Blake spoke out in its behalf; Sir Charles Tupper, not in our parliamentary halls, where he had to feel his ground, but in congenial London clubs, favoured it with all his might; Mr. Dalton McCarthy does more than talk; he works, and has a strong backing of young men in all the provinces working with him. On the other hand, some of our wisest men do not care to commit themselves, arguing that the day is not yet, and that we had better go on a while longer enjoying Tennyson's dream. The papers are

equally divided. Some are enthusiastic in praise of the project; see no difficulty in it, and urge its adoption as soon as possible. Others laugh it to scorn, as visionary and fantastic, without a single good argument to uphold it. Others, again, go gravely to work to demolish it, on paltry financial grounds, and through a horror of wars which this Union would entail. The French papers of Quebec, of every hue, are specially outspoken in their hostility. They will not hear of the fad. They dismiss it as unfeasible, or, if not that, as untenable, inasmuch as it would bring on the ruin of their nationality. All these things we have seen and heard, with varying feelings, one way and the other, but we have not done observing yet, because we should like to know what the keenest and longest head of them all says on the subject. Considering what he is, and what he has done for the country, not in a partisan, but in a national sense, seeing that he has been a Minister of the Crown for nearly forty years, and has been thus concerned with all the legislation of Canada, in that time, we should have liked to learn the views of the First Minister on the point. Attempts have been made to draw him out, but his replies were only in generalities, and, to this day, Sir John Macdonald's opinion cannot be brought to bear on either side. Yet we all know his stand on the subject of British connection, which he himself looks upon as one of the secrets of his political strength. Now, there are many in his own party, and outside of it, who observe the same line of conduct, and who, anxious for the consolidation of Canadian nationality before all, deprecate any immediate change in our actual relations with the Empire.

In Britain itself, the adhesion of the Home Rule party to the plan of Imperial Federation will be more likely to slacken than to hasten the march of the measure, inasmuch as a large number of Englishmen would object to Ireland entering the league as an independent colony, maintaining that she is, and must, stay an integral portion of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, join the colonies as such. Even Mr. Gladstone's sudden change of front on this interesting question would not help to lessen the objection. In the meantime, the chances are that the matter will remain in abeyance for years yet to come, and suppose we should say that it will be "caviare to the general," even to the end of the century.

THE CAPITAL OF THE DOMINION.

It is the Chaudière, where millions of feet of lumber from the mills are piled, awaiting shipment to their destination by boats, some of which are sometimes occupied by the owner's family in a comfortably fitted up cabin for their accommodation, as well as the slides for passing logs for the mills, and the cribs of square timber, which are firmly constructed into rafts for proceeding down the rivers Ottawa and St. Lawrence for shipment to ports in Europe and elsewhere. It is a novel sight to witness these rafts proceeding to their destination, with small *cabanes* for sleeping and cooking purposes, occupied by the hardy *voyageurs*, some of whom have assisted in felling the trees composing the raft.

In the vicinity of the Chaudière Falls are the lumber, flour and other mills, the former turning out annually upwards of 200,000,000 feet of sawn lumber.

Crossing the suspension bridge, where a fine view is obtained of the Chaudière Falls and the city of Ottawa, is the city of Hull, where are located extensive mills for the manufacture of lum-

ber, matches, wooden ware, etc. Besides the mills, are others situated at New Edinburgh, on the outlet of the river Rideau, consisting of flour, lumber and woollen mills. These various industries give employment to a great number of workmen, and represent a large amount of capital invested therein.

The water-works are a strongly built stone edifice, with ponderous machinery, and supply the city with an average consumption of upwards of 1,000,000 gallons a day, with a capacity of increasing the volume to 6,000,000 gallons.

In configuration the length of the city at present much exceeds its breadth, the chief business portions being confined to one long street, commencing at the Chaudière Falls, branching off in devious ways, until it reaches the Rideau river, the principal thoroughfares being Wellington, Sparks, Sussex and Ridout streets, on which are several handsome architectural structures—the Parliament buildings, post office, custom house, banks, stores and other edifices.

The earliest pioneer into the once dense forest, now occupied by the cities of Ottawa and Hull, was Mr. Philemon Wright, an energetic, persevering man from the United States.

It is a comparatively short period since Ottawa emerged from an obscure provincial town, under the name of Bytown, then known only as a flourishing lumber industry, which had grown up beside her inexhaustible water power. Apart from this, Ottawa has a history of its own of no ordinary interest. Shortly after the advent of Mr. Wright, the Imperial authorities, warned by the events of 1812-15, decided to construct a line of canals connecting the St. Lawrence with the great inland lakes, so as to afford complete communication with the ocean, safe from attack in the event of further difficulties. To carry out this design, Lieut.-Col. By, R.E., vigorously prosecuted the work for four years, and Kingston, then the key to Canada, was connected with Montreal, its commercial metropolis, by an efficient water-way entirely independent of the St. Lawrence. Since that period a large and increasing carrying trade for the transport of various commodities and passenger traffic has been established on this canal by steamers, barges, yachts, etc. The Canada Pacific Railroad, being now completed from ocean to ocean, forming a gigantic highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and Ottawa being one of the stations, must reap, in a measure, some benefits from this great undertaking, forming as it does an important railway centre.

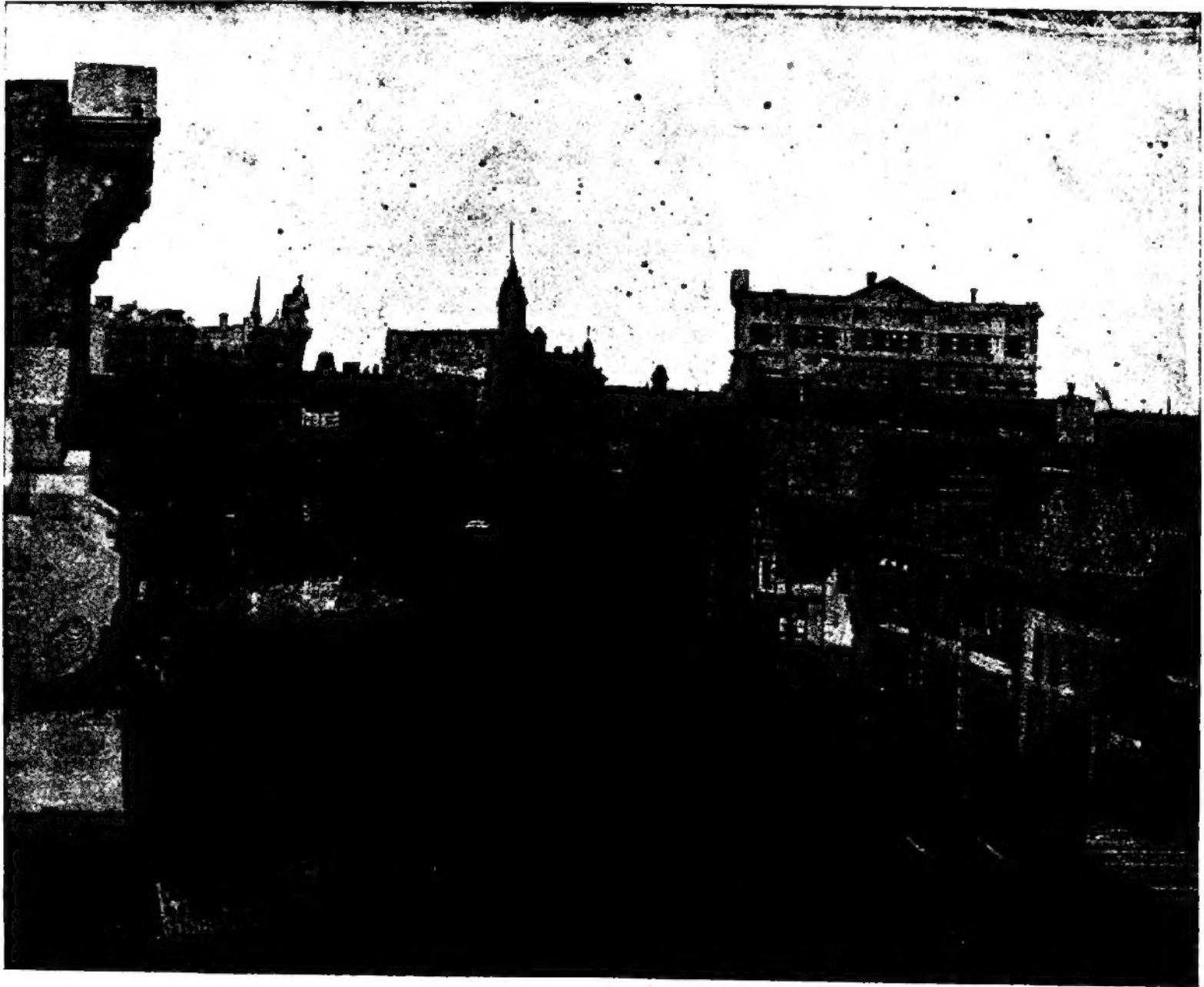
The population has now reached about 30,000 inhabitants, which will be much increased by the annexation of the adjacent suburban districts. Among the public buildings the Parliament edifices occupy the most prominent positions, besides the new and handsome building recently erected for departmental services, on Wellington street, forming an architectural pile, with dainty towers, pinnacles and buttresses. The library is one of the finest structures of the kind in America, containing over 100,000 volumes of the most valuable literature in the world. The Lovers' Walk is a picturesque terraced path, encircling the whole cliff face of the hill, affording occasional glimpses of the distant scenery, which is really beautiful to behold, the surroundings being adorned with public squares, fountains, and artificially arranged flower gardens.

Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General, is an edifice of no great pretensions; the interior, besides a large ball-room, contains pleasant vice-regal apartments, richly furnished.

Ottawa is not like Washington, but it has some of its counterparts as the capital of the Dominion, with all its governmental adjuncts, and when Parliament opens a large transient influx is added to the population, creating a busy, bustling scene throughout the city. Then the buildings are thronged with pompous statesmen, noisy wire-pullers, and all that miscellaneous crowd of interested and uninterested individuals, who appear as essential to the business of legislation as camp followers to an army.

G. S. P.

OTTAWA, July, 1888.



MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.

From a photograph by Notman.



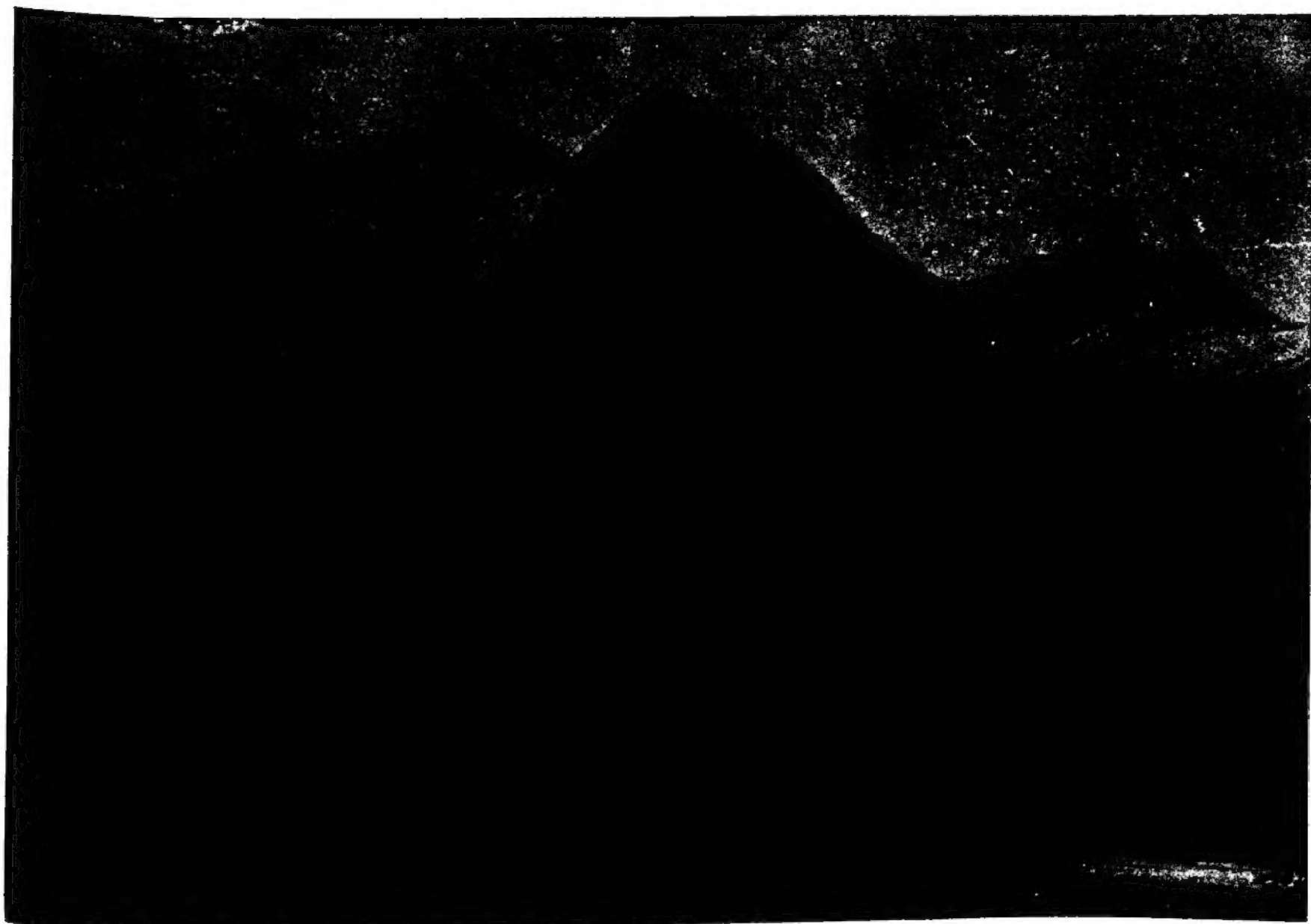
MOUNT STEPHEN, NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCKIES.

From a photograph by Notman



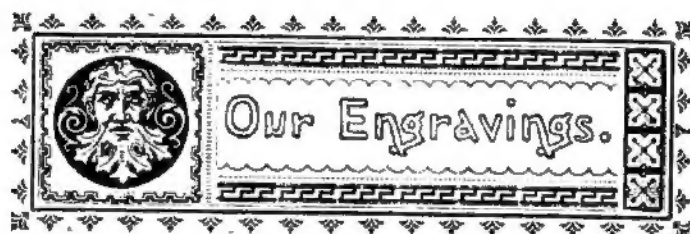
UNION STATION, TORONTO.

From a photograph by Bruce.



EAST BEAVERFOOT MOUNTAINS, LEANCHOIL,
ON THE WESTERN SLOPE OF THE ROCKIES.

From a photograph by Notman.



MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.—This picture gives a good idea of the principal street of our young Chicago, with its ample width, tramways and elegant buildings. These are mostly of excellent stone and brick, and some of the stones are unsurpassed in either Toronto or Montreal. Winnipeg is lit at night by electricity, and is adopting all the "modern improvements" in the paving of its streets and the laying of its sidewalks.

MOUNT STEPHEN.—This great peak is the most striking feature of the Kicking Horse region of the Rocky Mountains. After climbing the eastern slope, and dipping over the highest point of the C. P. R. line, the traveller sees towards the north, stretched out between glacier-crowned mountains on either side, one of the grandest highland valleys in the world. To the left Mount Stephen rears its dome-like head 8,000 feet above the valley, and displays over its broad shoulder a grand cloak of shining green ice—a glacier 800 feet thick, overhanging a huge vertical cliff. The sight is indescribably grand. In our illustration is seen the little hotel at which tourists fond of fly-fishing and climbing can enjoy themselves and find comfortable quarters. The station here is named Field, and is at an elevation of 4,050 feet. Two miles beyond Field the line rises from the flats of the Wapta (or Kicking Horse), and after crossing a high bridge over the Ottetail river (whence one of the finest views is obtained), descends again to the Wapta, whose narrow valley divides the Ottetail and Van Horne ranges. The line, which has gradually curved towards the south since crossing the summit at Stephen, runs due south from here to Leachcoil, where the Beaverfoot River comes in from the south and joins the Wapta. At the left, the highest peaks of the Ottetail Mountains rise abruptly to an immense height; and, looking south, a magnificent range of peaks extends in orderly array towards the southeast as far as the eye can reach. These are the Beaverfoot Mountains. At the right, Mount Hunter pushes his huge mass forward like a wedge between the Ottetail and Beaverfoot ranges. The river turns abruptly against his base and plunges into the lower Kicking Horse canyon, down which it disputes the passage with the railway.

THE UNION STATION, TORONTO, of which we give an engraving, is one of the most important termini in Canada. Six lines of railway have a terminus here, viz., the Great Western Division of the Grand Trunk, the Toronto, Grey & Bruce, the Credit Valley (the two latter comprising the Ontario Division of the Canadian Pacific), the Northern, the Northwestern, and the Midland Divisions of the Grand Trunk. The main lines of the latter and of the C. P. R. also pass through the Union Station.

THE TORONTO POST OFFICE is situated on Adelaide street east, facing Toronto street, and was opened to the public on Monday, 20th April, 1874. The style of architecture is Italian. It is 75 feet in front by 60 feet in depth, and is 66 feet to the eaves, but a dome carries it 35 feet higher. The building is of richly wrought Ohio stone, three stories high, with a basement and a lofty attic in a Mansard roof. The front elevation is composed of a central brick, which is relieved with complex columns and pilasters, with polished caps and marble bases, and moulded cornices at heights corresponding with each floor. On each side of the central break is a recess bay, and beyond, at each outer angle, a tower having instriated pilasters and a continuation of the cornices, as on the pilasters of the central break. In the rear of the main building is another, one story high, with basement.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—As the contest for the election of a President and a Vice-President is now going on, and will last till the first Monday in next November, we have grouped together in the present issue the pictures of the four candidates that our readers may follow the issue with the interest that attaches to a knowledge of the human face. There is no need of giving the detailed history of these gentlemen, as all the papers did so at the time of their nomination and since. It will be enough to say that President Cleveland is seeking election for a second term, founding his claim on his administration, which is familiar to our readers. Mr. Thurman, the Democratic candidate for the second place, under Mr. Cleveland, has been in public life for over half a century, in State and Federal offices, and throughout has approved himself a statesman of the highest rank and, altogether, one of the ablest men in the United States. General Benjamin Harrison, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, is one of those available men whom the West is able to furnish in plenty, being thoroughly fitted, both in political experience and in honesty of purpose. If elected, he will make a good Chief Magistrate, although without a speck of brilliancy. The candidate for the Vice-Presidency is even more widely known than his superior, but not for the same services rendered. He is a gentleman of large means, of culture, and an intense partisan, who is expected to spend money freely, for his own and his party's behoof, in the decisive intervention of New York state. Whichever side wins, there is this assurance, that the American Union, in several respects the greatest nation of the earth, will be ruled by men of personal worth, who would do honour to any country.

FLOWER PEDDLER IN PARIS.—The flower selling trade is an important one in Paris, and, as our illustration shows, is not confined to fine shops on the boulevards. Hand carts, laden with colour and perfume, are wheeled through the streets by women, who sell their wares from door to door and to the pedestrians they meet. Thus it is that we see these two dainty Parisian ladies selecting corsage bouquets wherewith to set off their coquettish spring toilettes. The painting, by Louis de Schryner, was one of the most admired in the exhibition of the spring *salon*.

A RUSSIAN BEAUTY.—This is a study of a female head, by T. P. Chovmakoff, engraved by Parr. The excellent works executed by this talented Russian painter are well known in London, and especially in Paris, where the artist has been living these many years. They are chiefly female heads, of a very small size, done in oil colours, on mostly red wood. Our illustration shows the natural size, and is in reality a *fac simile* of one of Chovmakoff's pictures.

ALL ALONE.—We are pleased to be able to lay before our readers this etching by the late Allan Edson, lately cut off in his prime, and whose "reliques" fetched such good prices at public sale some weeks ago. The trunk of a hoary oak has been blasted by the lightning, and, like Lear in the play, stands still braving the elements and, although shorn of his boughs, gives shelter to the birds of the air and holds a nestful of eggs. As an etching the work is specially fine.

WILD TALK ON ART.

A FIERCE onslaught by Mr. Frederic Harrison on picture exhibitions is one of the most noteworthy articles in a late *Nineteenth Century*. We quote, to show the reader what idle talk a clever man may use. We defy any one to tell, after reading the passage, what the writer was driving at. After objecting strongly to the hotch-potch which the walls of a large exhibition inevitably present when "Holy Virgins, washerwomen, Rapes of the Sabines, scenes from Pickwick, Leda, Dr. Jenson with Boswell, and Lord Mayors in robes of office" are crammed side by side, Mr. Harrison says: "The discordant hubbub of modern picture exhibitions is the least part of the evil. It is the divorce of heart from the highest religious, social, intellectual movement of the age which is the root of decadence in art. It is the substitution of democratic licence and personal caprice for grand traditions and loyal service in the larger forces of life. Here is the root of feebleness, far more than in deficient training, crude technique, and picture Barnums. In all great epochs of art the painter frankly accepted certain great canons of religious, social, or artistic convention. He thoroughly felt his art to be the expression of the religious, social, and intellectual movement of his time. He took it to be his business to give that movement colour and form. His art was not at all self-sufficing and detached. It was simply one of the artistic modes of expressing what was deepest and most commanding in the spiritual world. The painter was the servant—the free, willing, creative servant, but the servant of the priest, the thinker, the poet, and the statesman. Pericles, Ictinus, and Pheidias laboured on the Parthenon in one common conception; a work by Lysippus, Polycleitus, or Zeuxis was an affair of State; a great statesman of Rome has identified his name with the Pantheon, one of the most original conceptions in the history of art. Giotto worked in the Arena Chapel under the eye of Dante, and apparently under his inspiration. Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, and Mantegna lived on the topmost wave of one of the most wonderful outbursts of the human intellect. Leonardo and Michael Angelo were two of its mightiest forces, even had neither ever touched a pencil. Raphael, Benvenuto, Titian, Valasquez, Jean Goujon, Rubens, Reynolds were the intimates and the equals of all that their ages possessed of brain, of knowledge, of force. Painting, which is a secondary and not a primary form of human skill, cannot sever itself from power, from religion, from thought, without becoming at once feeble and wayward. The note of too much of modern painting is to be at once silly and *bizarre*. It has flung off all guides, teachers and traditions; repudiates any sort of connection with religion, thought, or rule; decides everything out of its own head; and regards anything and everything as a proper subject for a picture, from the Day of Judgment to a mushroom."

ARKANSAS HERO-WORSHIP.

Mr. Garland, formerly senator from the state of Arkansas, and now Attorney General in the Cleveland administration, is very popular in his native state, as the following characteristic story shows, which we publish for its genuine western humour. Once upon a time two leading Democratic senators were at Hot Springs, and they wandered out into Garland county, Arkansas, and night overtaking them, they lost their way. They sauntered over to a rude settlement and asked for accommodation for the night, first informing the farmer who they were. He was glad to take them in, and such as he had he offered cheerfully. The house had but one big room, and the family ate, cooked and slept in that room. After a hearty supper of corn bread, bacon, coffee, milk, etc., and the comfortable smoke from clay pipes, the light was blown and the senators went to bed over in one corner of the room, and the owner of the place, his wife and children, took possession of the other corner. It seems that the man had several yellow hounds so thin and poor that you could almost see through them. One of them was under the bed occupied by the statesmen. The animal got to scratching himself vigorously, and the bone in his knee-joint made such a fuss that the guests of the night could not sleep. Finally one of the senators said to his companion: "You are on the outside of the bed; take a shoe and break that blame dog's back, if that is necessary to quiet him. The noise is painful enough; but if he keeps on scratching we will soon be full of fleas ourselves." Instantly the farmer was on his feet, and there in the dead of the night, he said, excitedly: "That er dog, gentlemen, is named Gus Garland, after the greatest man in this here whole state. I think as much of him as I do almost of my young uns, and you can't tech a har on him—not if I'm round, at least." The jolly senators laughed and promised not to harm the canine, which scratched repeatedly during the night and prevented them from sleeping except in broken dozes.

TO LACLEDE.

ON THE SAD 17TH JULY.

Sad is affliction, howso'er it fall;
But saddest seems it when the Angel Death
Creeps o'er a threshold for the last faint breath
Of some dear darling, loved as best of all.
This is thy grief to-day. My heart and soul
Are with thee in thy sorrow, and I seem
Like one dumbfounded by a sad, weird dream,
That leaves no scope the feelings to control.
Thy tears are falling o'er thy lov'd one, cold,—
And agony of silence reigns around;—
Ah! to this silence let thy heart be bound,—
The brighter years are with that happier fold
That lives the heavenly life. Do not repine:
Thy daughter knows no grief,—the sorrow is but thine.
HENRY PRINCE.

BEYOND THE SEAS.

Beyond the seas there is another world,
Beyond this life there dawns another love,
So shall thy mystic sails, sweet isle, be furled,
And not a cloud be seen in heaven above!
The world beyond is all unknown to us,
Its lands too happy for us to conceive,
Its seas in ripples multitudinous
Together thousand sky-reflections weave!
One thing we know; the love that ever streams
Upon the world where change is not a death,
Is one with ours—our intermittent gleams
Are portion of the light which conquereth.
Our love is hidden in glooms of selfishness,
We see not all we have, for we are blind;
We feel, at times, what never words express—
Things which of Heaven our spirits should remind.
We know not now, and is it therefore not?
Because we have not seen, shall we not see?
Poor heart!—thou 'rt wiser far since nought can blot
From thy fond faith the thought of what shall be.
The seas of God with blisses are impearled,
And over them he broodeth like a dove;
Beyond the seas there lies another world,
Beyond this life there dawns another love!
NORMAN D'ARUSMOND.

Sewanee, Tenn., July, 1888.

BRITISH COLUMBIA SEAPORTS.

With reference to the claim of the Vancouver *News*, that "Vancouver is the only seaport on the Pacific coast of the Dominion that has a harbour capable of being entered at all stages of the tide and at every season of the year by the largest ocean-going vessels," the *Victoria Times* replies: The harbour of Esquimalt, which is the port of Victoria for deep draught vessels, is one of the largest and most accessible in the world. Vessels of all sizes, in fair weather or in foul, at any stage of the tide, and at all seasons of the year, can pass through the Royal Roads to the capacious and land-locked harbour within. Esquimalt is the station for the Pacific fleet, and undoubtedly has the best harbour on the coast. In saying this we do not detract from the excellent harbour on Burrard Inlet, which is second only to Esquimalt on the Pacific.

LITERARY NOTES.

E. P. Roe, one of the genuine American novelists, has just died.

A life of Lord Dalhousie is being written for the "Statesmen" series by Mr. L. J. Trotter.

Ex-President Grévy is writing his memoirs, and it is said that they are to appear in London.

The Rose Publishing Company have received an interim copyright for Rider Haggard's new book, "Miawa's Revenge."

Two new books of interest, to be published in the autumn, are the experiences of George Augustus Sala and the family life of Henry Ward Beecher.

A life of Delia Bacon, the advocate of the Baconian theory of the origin of Shakespeare's plays, has been written by Mr. Theodore Bacon, and will be issued soon.

In the library of Dr. Williams, in London, is a copy of the Bible in shorthand. It is exquisitely written, and is said to have belonged to an apprentice of the time of James II., who feared that the Bible was about to be prohibited, and so wrote this copy.

Dr. N. E. Dionne, one of the editors of the Quebec *Courrier*, has just published a most interesting account of the Church of Notre Dame de Victoires, of Lower Town, Quebec. It traces the history of the church for two centuries of time from 1688 to 1888.

General Boulanger is now bent on being an author. He has written a sort of anecdotal, instructive, romantic military guide and history of the war of 1870, which is about to be published as a serial. Two and a half millions of copies of the first number are to be given away free.

Baron Roggenbach will compile the late Emperor Frederick's biography. It is expected that Empress Frederick, Queen Victoria, the Emperors of Austria and Russia, the King of Italy, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and a large number of scientists, artists, statesmen and army officers will contribute articles to the work.

Archdeacon Farrar thus pithily sums up the characteristics of Longfellow's work. "It can hardly be said that he added—as Tennyson and Browning have added—to the treasure house of new and great thoughts. Many of his thoughts are obvious, though brightened by fancy which plays like sunlight upon a runnel which is pure and musical, but rarely deep. Many of the morals which he inculcates are familiar, and hardly rise above the level of the ordinary sermon. In saying this I would detract nothing from his deserved fame. He was the poet of the middle classes, the poet of the fireside, the poet of the domestic affections, the poet of our every-day human life."

A DRIFTING ICEBERG.

A SONNET.

A crystal mountain on the azure wave,
Bald as to verdure, but enriched by hues
Resplendent in the wane of sparkling sun,
It glows—it scintillates with gleams, which run
Across the liquid path of its lone cruise
Like smiles, beamed forth from each translucent cave
Set in its rugged face, as eyes, to peer
Through the clear distance of a plain of sea.
So cold—so pregnant with quiescent awe,
Southward it drifts, destined to gradual thaw;
And fades the Northland in obscurity,
As gaunt Boreas does it onward steer:
At times in view of travellers' raptured eyes,
And often insulated by the skies.

Toronto. WILL T. JAMES.

[The subject of this sonnet need not be looked upon as untimely, in this midsummer, since icebergs are met with even in temperate seas. As to the poem itself, it is new and original, betokening a rare gift in the author. Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]

THE SKEENA UPRISING.

Pending further news from the Indian rising in the Skeena country, northern portion of British Columbia, we give the reader the following account taken from a Victoria paper:—

Mr. Borland, a well-known packer, arrived from Hazelton on the steamer Boscowitz to confer with the Attorney-General regarding the state of affairs at Hazelton on the Skeena river. Last year an Indian named Kitwon Cool Jim murdered an Indian doctor at the forks of the Skeena. A posse of specials under Mr. Washburne was sent from this city to arrest the murderer. When they arrived at Hazelton it was discovered that Jim had gone to the mountains to elude the officers. The party consisted of Washburne, Loring, Greene, Holmes, and Parker. They encamped at Hazelton and awaited the return of the murderer. Early in June they received information that Jim was at a place called Kitangar, about 15 miles below the Forks. On the morning of the 19th of June an Indian brought news that Jim was in a house at Kitangar. Early in the morning three of the party walked down to the house, which was occupied by 20 Indians. Jim was among the number, and was called upon to surrender. He made a break for the door and ran towards the bush. Holmes fired a revolver over his head after calling to him to surrender, but he still kept on. Greene then raised a Winchester rifle and fired, striking him in the back, the bullet going clear through his body. Jim fell and expired in a short time. Washburne and Loring came to the scene of the tragedy an hour after the shooting, and handed the body over to an Indian, who is acting as missionary. The latter told Washburne to take his specials to a place of safety on account of the threats made by Jim's friends to massacre the party. The specials then returned to Hazelton, where they are at present hemmed in by the hostile Indians. They have erected bastions of timber and bags of sand, and can hold out for a month if the Indians can be prevented from burning the place. Borland is engaged in packing goods for the Hudson's Bay Co. between Hazelton and Babine's lake, or Fort Babine. His freight train with five men are above Hazelton, and no freight can be carried up. He had great difficulty in coming down. His canoe was stopped by one party of Indians, and the occupants ordered to return. Borland was determined to get through, and at last convinced the natives that he was not connected with the specials. At every encampment his four Indians went ashore and held a conference with their brethren.

Amongst the whites in the locality where the shooting took place are: Mr. Clifford and wife (in charge of the Hudson's Bay store), Rev. Mr. Fields and wife, and Mrs. Haukin and family. They are very much troubled over the state of affairs. The Indians demand Greene to be handed over to them and one thousand dollars paid them. If the specials refuse to accept their demands they threaten to burn down the houses and murder every white person in the locality. An Indian trapper is still out in the mountains and a number of their men at work in the canneries. Indian women are calling on their warriors to avenge the death of Jim. Borland says prompt steps should be taken by the Government. Should an uprising take place, the lives of all will be sacrificed. The Indians will not allow another white person to come down the river, and unless a large party proceeds to Hazelton without a moment's delay the result will be the massacre of the specials.

A FAVOURITE WAR POEM.

THE STORY OF LITTLE GIFFEN OF TENNESSEE.

The story of "Little Giffen" is said to be literally true. His name was Isaac Giffen, and he was born of humble parents in one of the hamlets of East Tennessee. His father was a blacksmith. Little Giffen was terribly shot in some battle of Tennessee—perhaps Murfreesboro—and carried with other wounded far South to be cared for. It is true, as the poem says, that the company in which he served was almost entirely destroyed. Sadly mutilated and so like a child in appearance

as to have seemed "borne by the tide of war from the cradle to the jaws of death," he was taken from the hospital at Columbus, Ga., to the home of Dr. Y. O. Ticknor, five miles south of that place.

He is said to have been a woful little skeleton, but aided by the skill of the doctor and the tender nursing of the doctor's wife, the "skeleton boy" successfully waged war against "skeleton death."

During the weary weeks of the stick and the "crutch" Mrs. Ticknor taught the "naturally bright" boy to read and write. He remained with the family a year, was found "true as steel," had an unconquered spirit, and was always anxious to return to the war, which he did in time, it is supposed, to be killed near Atlanta, and to be buried in some one of the unknown graves which Dr. Ticknor describes in the beautiful poem, "Unknown." "Unknown! Beneath our Father's face the starlit hillocks lie;" and "the voice of wail is mute to-day as his whose life is dumb;" yet no soldier ever had a grander monument than Little Giffen of Tennessee. No general or commander of any war has received a finer, or what will be a more lasting tribute, and none deserved it more, for none could be braver. "He was an ordinary looking little fellow," says a son of the poet, "except that he had a bright, clear blue eye that told of the incarnate courage of the boy." The poet seems to have had it in his mind at first to give a literal description of the boy, hence the first beginning of the poem was:

"Many such on a summer's day
Mow the meadows and rake the hay;
Of freckled face and clear blue eye
To whom no squirrel or bird is shy,
Mark the plainest and he might be
Little Giffen of Tennessee."

But the spirit of peace came down upon the grand doctor, and he saw no more the "freckled-faced" boy, but the old hero borne—

"Out of the focal and foremost fire,"

he saw the "glint of the steel-blue eye," that "told of a spirit that wouldn't die," when determination could save from death, but that dared to die when Johnson was "pressed at the front." Then the poet saw him more princely than all "Knights of the Golden Ring," and dropped the realism which would have been weak, and touched with ideal tints of glory a picture which was thus made truer and stronger.

The poem has the "ring of immortality." It now reads, as published in a volume of Ticknor's poems:

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grape shot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle and he sixteen!)
Spectre! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee!

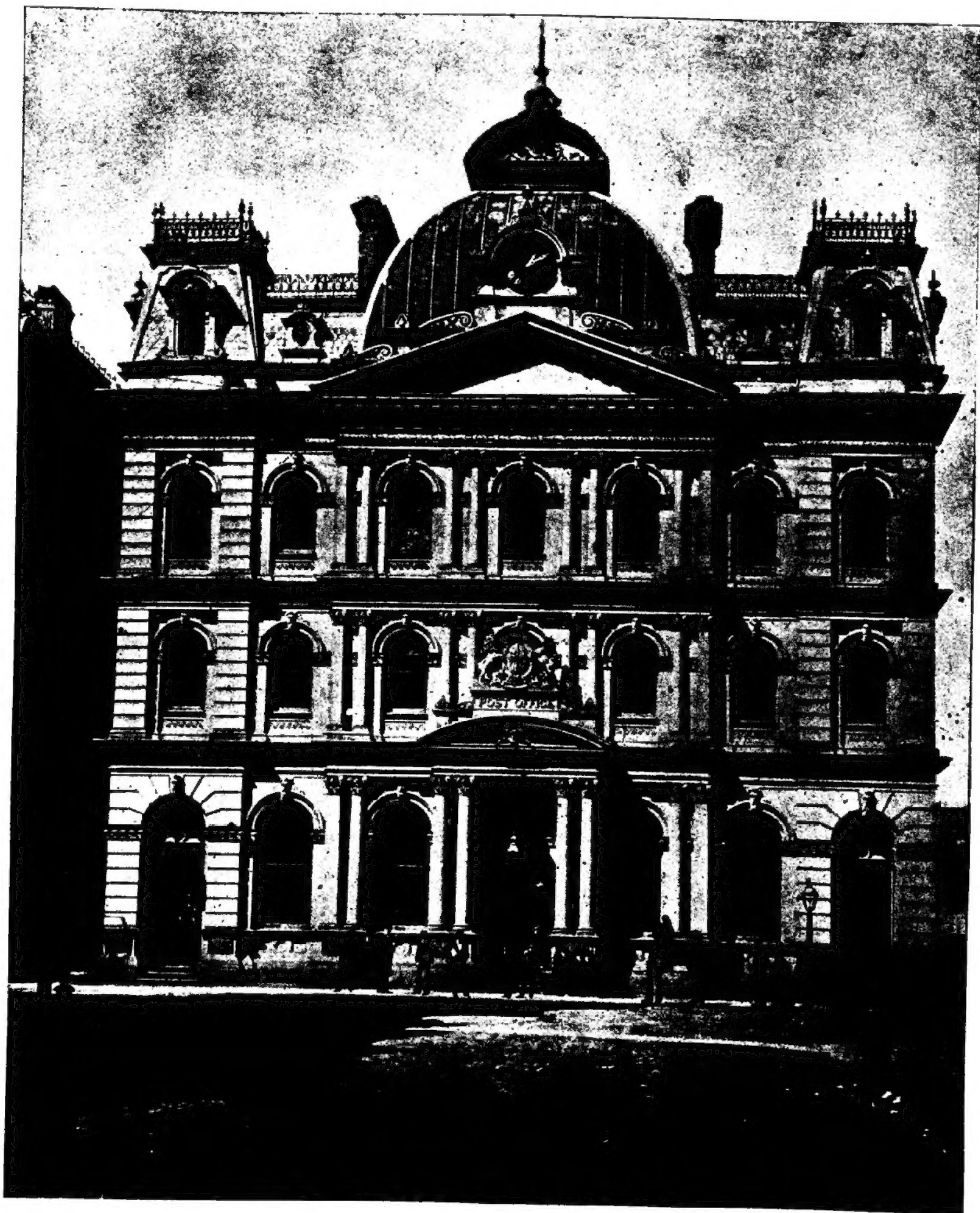
Take him and welcome, the surgeons said,
Little the doctor can help the dead!
So we took him, and brought him where
The balm was sweet on the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton death,
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write.
"Dear Mother" at first, of course, and then
"Dear Captain," inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer, "of eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

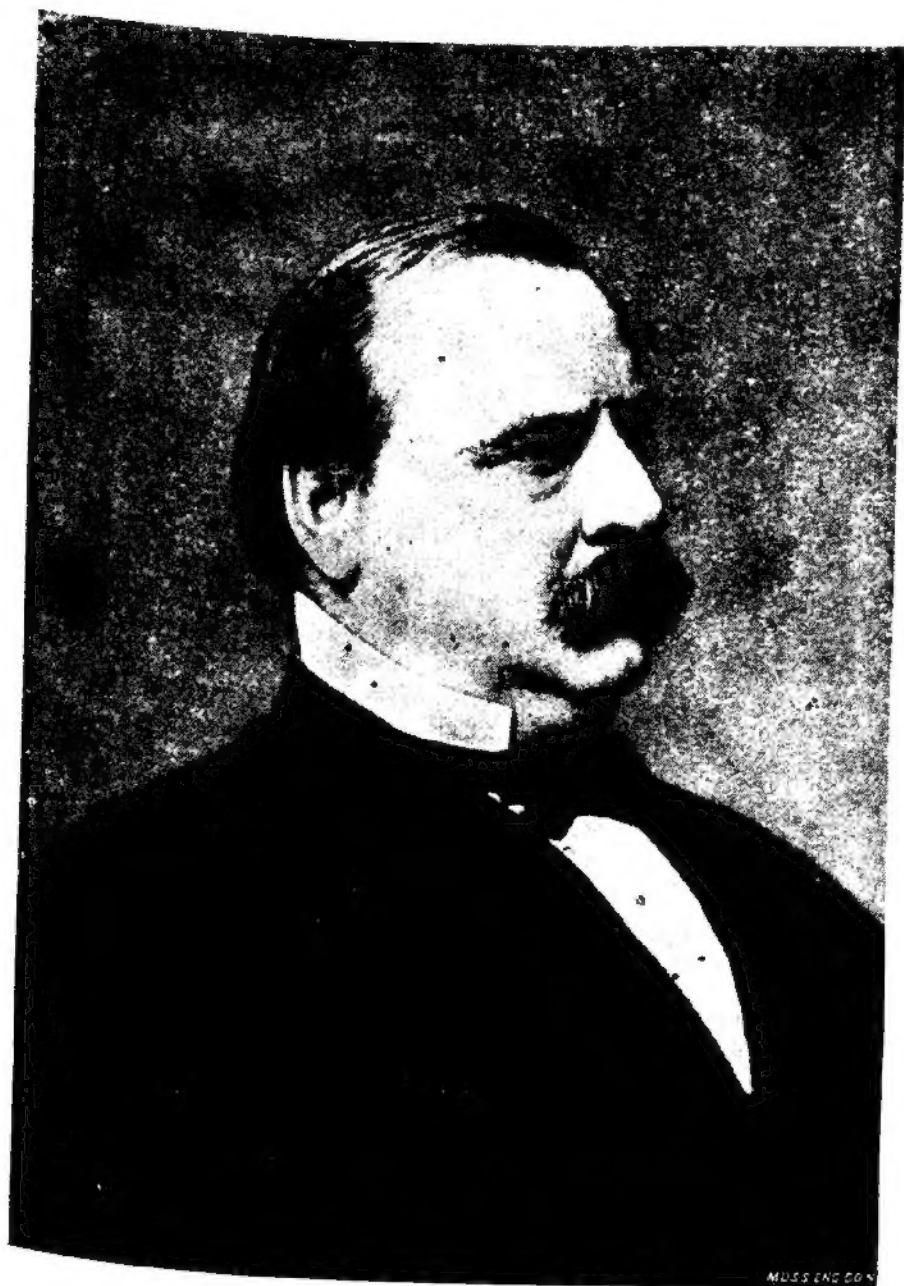
Word of gloom from the war one day;
"Johnson pressed at the front," they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear, his first, as he bade good-bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight,
But none of Giffen—he did not write.

I some times fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knight of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on my bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For "Little Giffen of Tennessee."



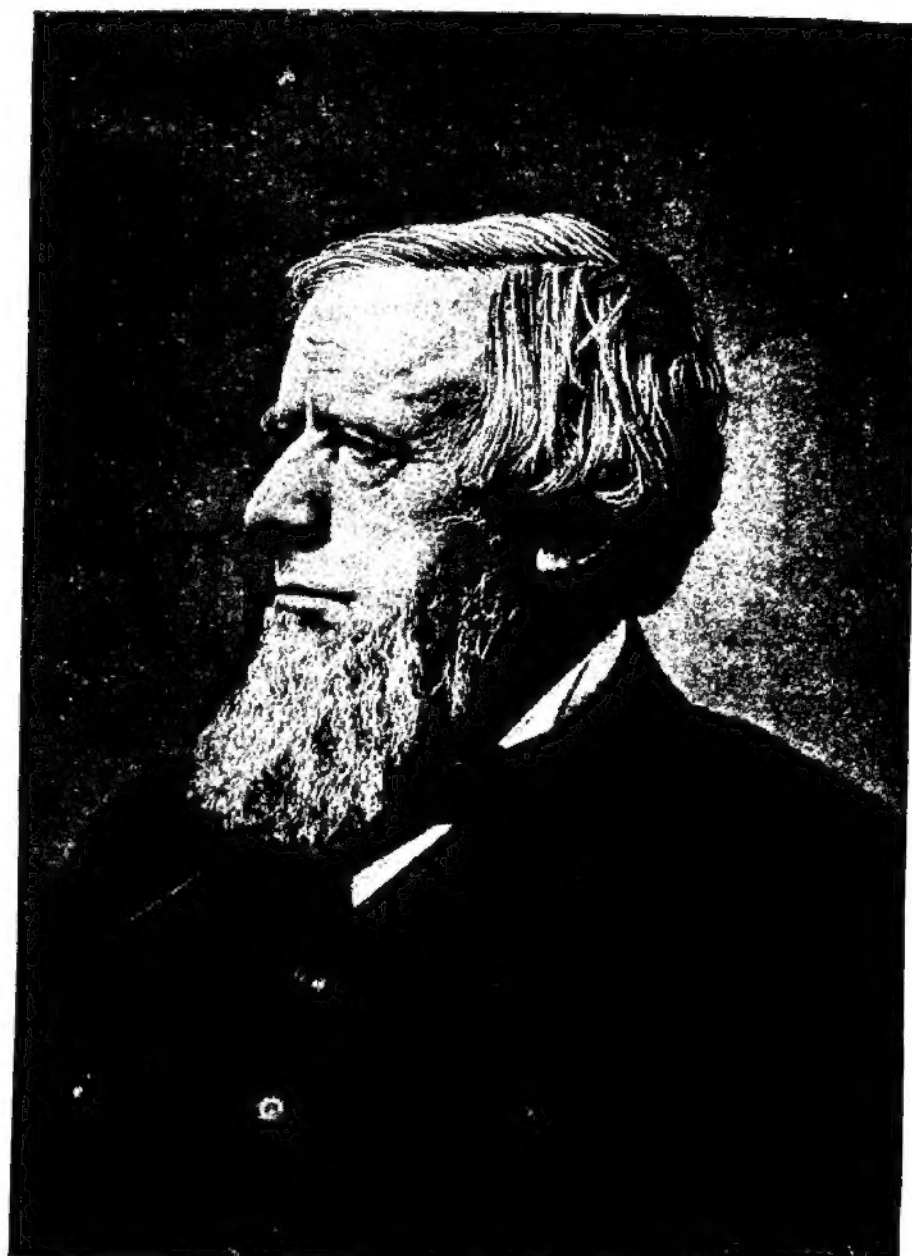
THE POST OFFICE, TORONTO.
From a photograph by Bruce.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

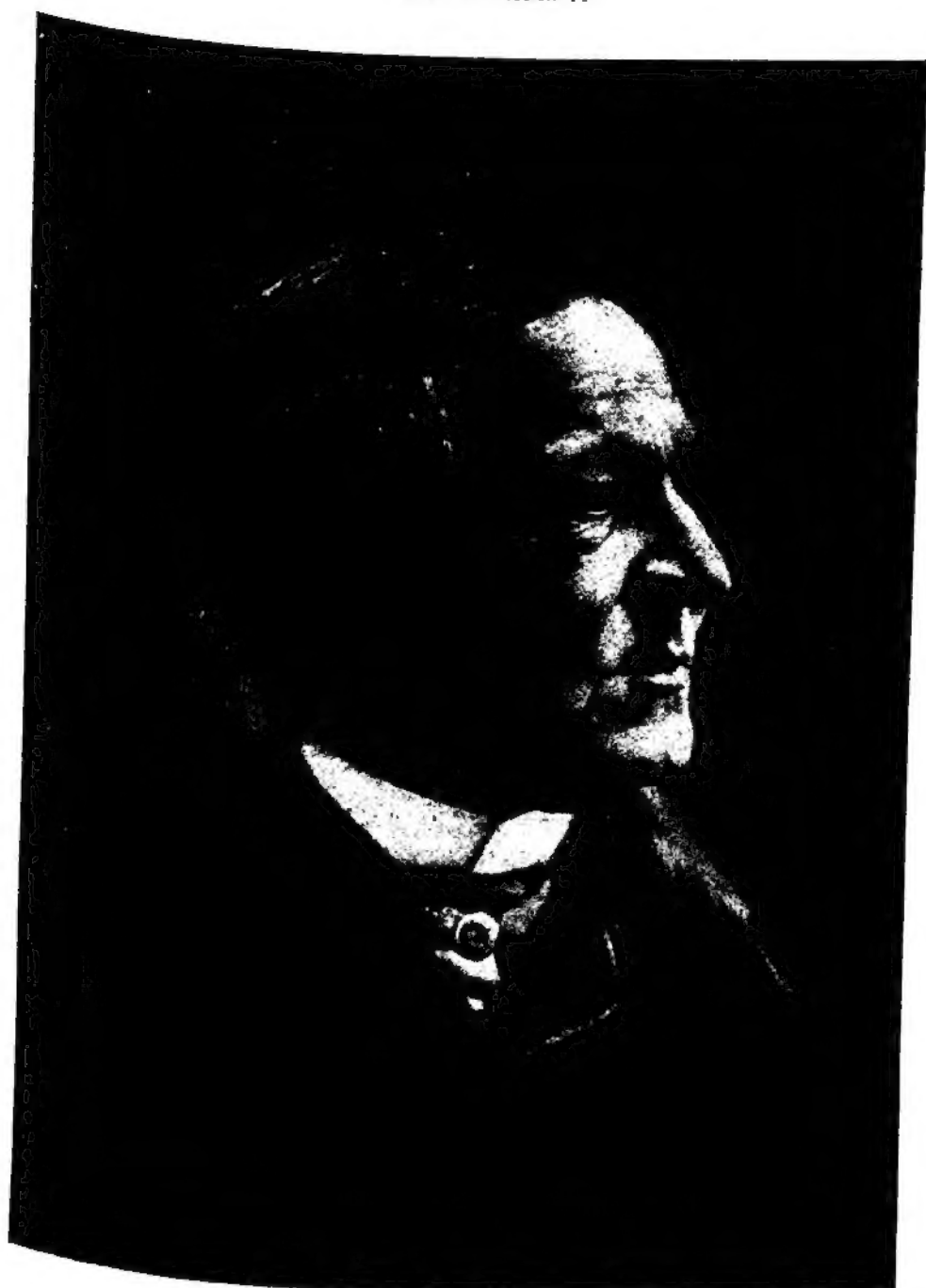


GROVER CLEVELAND,
FOR PRESIDENT.

DEMOCRATIC.

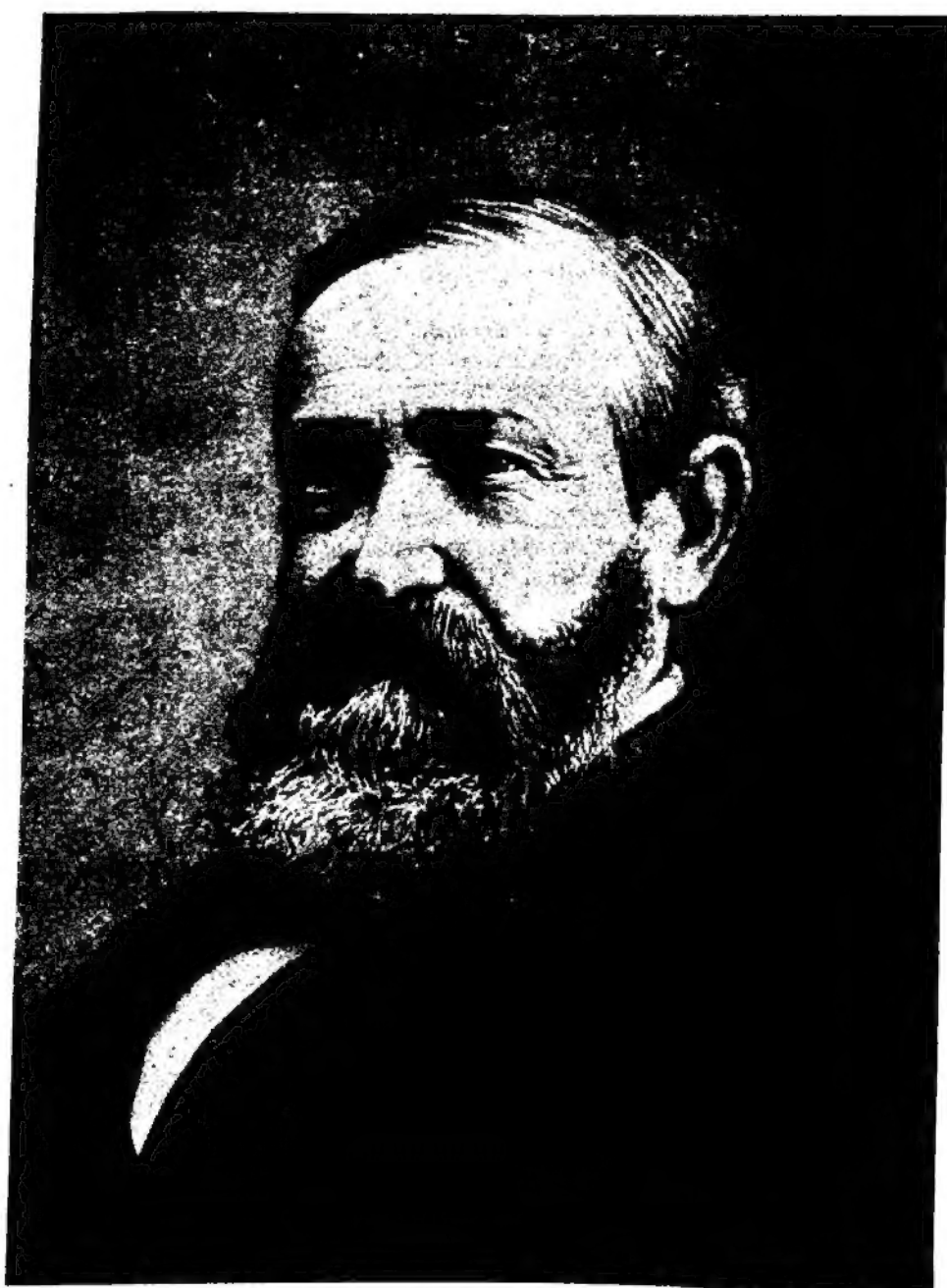


ALLEN G. THURMAN,
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.



LEVI P. MORTON,
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

REPUBLICAN.



BENJAMIN HARRISON,
FOR PRESIDENT.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

A BRITISH SOCIETY NOVEL,

BY A CROWNED HEAD.

ABRIDGED AND MUTILATED BY W. BLACKBURN HART.

I.

IN WHICH THE PRINCIPALS OF THE STORY FALL OUT TO OBLIGE THE AUTHOR.

The crowd rolled unceasingly east and west along the Strand. Phoebus appeared to have concentrated all his forces upon the devoted heads of the toiling multitudes, whose horizon was confined by stern necessity and grim circumstance to the glaring pavements and endless vista of bricks and chimneys, which constitutes the world's great Babylon—London. It was perfectly impossible to believe that the sun could have distributed his rays in equal proportion all over Great Britain; it seemed as if he was determined to scorch the great city with his contempt for endeavouring to profane the glory of a summer day with its roar of heedless, bustling activity.

It was noon-tide of an exceptionally hot day in the middle of August; one of a number of such days when a wave of heat sweeps over the city, and makes the atmosphere like that of a baker's oven. Even the breath of night, when it descended upon the city, failed to cool the streets, and the pavements burned with the condensed heat of several days. Pedestrians look dusty, weary and sad. Stray dogs, with their parched tongues lolling out of their mouths, were regarded with suspicion by the nervous folks, who, at this season of the year, always get scared at the mere thought of hydrophobia. The policemen on their beats looked even more aimless than usual, and one of the principal objects of life in London seemed to be quenching one's thirst.

A huge open umbrella obstructed the pavement at the corner of Chancery lane, just outside the palatial establishment of the celebrated firm of Attenborough Brothers, whose business is public philanthropy and the affording of temporary accommodation to persons whose superfluous personal estate happens to be in excess of their direct income. Passers-by, who either damaged their hats or were obliged to dodge beneath this umbrella, or step out into the road, commented in no measured terms, in fact, in hot-weather language, upon the thickness of the two heads beneath it.

What would have been the confusion of these coarse revilers could they but have known that they were insulting two pillars of the State—two blue-blooded aristocrats!

They—the “they” consisting of the Right Honourable the Earl of Fosky-Bosky, and his eldest and only son, Lord Brazen—had just emerged from the side door of the before mentioned institution, having hypothecated a silver cup, which the younger man, in the happy days of yore, had won at a regatta.

The Earl stood and glared at his son as only an outraged nobleman can glare. My lord, however, passed his arm through that of his father's in the most filial way imaginable, and made a motion to move forward. Then, perceiving the glare in the paternal eye, and being fully aware of what was demanded of him in such an exigency, he regarded his sire with a look of stony indifference. The reader, doubtless, recognizes this expression. It is a “stock” characteristic of aristocratic *roués* and dress-coated stage burglars. Indeed, we might almost say they have a monopoly of it.

And so a chasm yawned between them as they stood beneath that umbrella—a gulf which was to widen and part them for many bitter years to come.

“Say, dad,” said his lordship, breaking an ominous silence, and speaking also with just a *souçon* of *insouciance* levity in his tone, which did not tend to lessen his father's ire, “let's go and consume the family heirloom—I'm famished.”

“No, my lord,” replied the earl, with a dangerous light in his cold blue eyes—this is another peculiarity of a bloated aristocracy—“you shall eat no more of my good chattels and personal

effects. You have existed now for twelve months on my front sitting-room, and I'm tired of supporting a great, useless——”

“Your personal effects! By gad! I like that.”

“Yes, mine! That cup was won whilst you were under age, consequently, although I can no longer claim any jurisdiction over you, I still retain my right to curtail the expenses of your minority, and I intend to exercise it.”

“Then the trophy falls under the head of youthful profit and loss?”

“Exactly. But if you agree to wed the woman of my choice——”

“That I'll nevah do. No, nevah!”

“You are fully determined to marry the plebian wretch who has caught your wandering fancy? You are resolved to bring disgrace and ruin upon an honourable house.” The young man shrugged his shoulders impatiently. “You will sully the blue blood of Mincing lane, which has flowed in our veins uninterrupted ever since your grandsire (peace to his ashes!) struck ‘ile’ in cotton and was elevated to the peerage in consequence of his undisguised fierce democratic principles and the immense prestige attached to his name.”

“I have already given you my final decision.”

“Final!—final fiddlesticks! Have you lost all filial feeling? Would you reduce to beggary the man who has watched over you from the cradle with the devotion of—of a father?”

“Pardon me, but this is hardly within my power. To whose extravagance are we indebted for our present embarrassing position? Why do we, at this moment, stand trying to look unconscious, beneath the arms of ancient Lombardy? Why? Because you squandered your old father's hoard. Did you not cut down all the timber in the park of Fosky-Bosky?—timber which had been the pride of our family for generations—that is, since granddad bought the estate for a song under the hammer at Christie's, ever such a time ago!”

“Taunt me not, ingrate! Remember the number of tarts you consumed per diem at Eton. Think of the sums I spent in a vain endeavour to give you the education of a gentleman. Recall the wild dissipations of your college career—the oyster suppers at Verrey's—the *demi-mondaines* who crowded your drag and devoured your inheritance, obtained from the Jews at a terrible rate of interest at Ascot. Think of the bills you ran up at Oxford and——”

“Inheritance! That's splendid! Did you ever once pay me my annual allowance? Certainly not! And was it not wholly due to the filial obedience, with which I gave my consent to go through the Bankruptcy court and consequent inconveniences, that we were enabled to have such a good time at Baden-Baden last year?”

“There, there, Percy, perhaps I have been too hasty. Forgive me. I can see that the theme is distasteful to you and will therefore desist. Let us have no further recriminations. But come!”—with a momentary burst of paternal tenderness in his voice, and an unmistakable liquid pearl in each eye, which he carefully removed with the corner of his silk handkerchief, and deposited, for future reference, in his coat-pocket—“come, my boy, and share my simple meal at the Monaco. We will then calmly and dispassionately talk the business over. I've no doubt that with a bottle of chablis and a box of cigars between us things will assume a very different complexion. I know your disposition, Percy, my boy. You could not exist without these trifling luxuries. Come! Your nerves are disturbed, and you are in the mood to resort to heroic remedies. When you are in a better frame of mind you will see things in the right light and agree to marry Lady Gwendeline——”

“Nevah! Confound it, nevah! Mary Elizabeth Brown becomes Lady Brazen, or—I've not quite decided what course I shall pursue, but I am resolved to do something very desperate. Yes; I'll horrify the fashionable world. I'll make things lively for the society journals. Sweet Mary!” he exclaimed, breaking off into an apostrophe, as a vision of her divine loveliness, in all the sweet simplicity of her kitchen attire, arose in his mind. “Guardian angel of my life—my only hope of a brighter and happier future—my guiding star and—

and only available source of pocket-money. Break my plighted troth to thee? Nevah!”

“What! Marry a penniless kitchen-maid? Preposterous!”

“Yes. Her station in life is not precisely an exalted one, but then she has escaped the temptations and shams of high life. In the seclusion of the region of the pots and pans she has escaped the rapidity of the upper flats. Besides, I'm certain she's a somebody or a something in disguise. Then she's got a lump sum in the post office savings bank. I've seen the receipt book; and you are by no means certain what dowry Lady Gwendoline will have.”

“I'll have no more of this!” cried the earl, crimson with passion. “Quit this roof-tree—I mean this door-step—for ever!”

“I'll do no such thing, my lord! I am obliged to come here occasionally to visit a relative who suffers with a chronic complaint.”

“Don't pass your profane jests with me. Leave the protection of my umbrella. Go forth under the pitiless sun. Ruin your complexion. Get freckled. Place oceans between us. Go! I cut you off with a shilling—no, confound it! no, with my blessing—Nevah let me look on your face again!”

This was the unkindest cut of all. His lordship had confidently reckoned upon two bitters and some cold meat and pickles, and to receive nothing more material than a blessing hurt him to the quick. The iron entered into his soul. He bestowed upon his father a look which spoke volumes of withering contempt, and, turning upon his heel in silence, he hastily crossed the street in the direction of the Temple Gardens. His eyes were bent upon the ground, and a world of perplexing emotions was depicted upon his finely chiselled features as he disappeared from his parent's gaze under the archway. His upper lip curled aristocratically heavenward as a dictionary of selected “Billingsgate” gurgled from between his clenched teeth. He was fiercely invoking everlasting destruction upon himself, the world and his friends generally, when he suddenly plunged full into the waistcoat of a stout little gentleman who was going in the opposite direction. With the inconsequent unreasonableness of a man under such circumstances, he was about to pour the vials of his wrath upon the unoffending and injured man, when he recognized him as his old friend, Algernon Smithers.

Smithers was studying for the Bar, and was very proud of his acquaintance with a scion of nobility. The two friends often went about town—generally at *bars*. Algy was profuse at his hospitality, and a very bad hand at euchre, ecarté and other games of chance, so the two were almost inseparable—that is, of course, when his lordship was not otherwise engaged in the houses of his “own set,” a charmed circle, in which all Smithers' generosity availed him nothing.

“Why, Percy, old man,”—he always felt an exquisite thrill under his white waistcoat when allowing himself this familiarity—“you look as if you'd got the blues.”

“Oh, I'm all right. Fact, nevah felt better. I was thinking, that's all.”

“That's all! Ain't that enough for you? Don't, for pity's sake, tax those poor brains of yours any farther—it don't agree with you. No wonder you look pale and haggard. I'm just going to my chambers for luncheon—I prefer it to the club. Will you join me? Pot luck, you know.”

If there is one common attribute more distinctly characteristic of the British aristocracy it is their innate diplomacy. Lord Brazen was no exception to this rule. He had a minute perception of the delicate shades of outward seeming to be assumed in all the ordinary exigencies of every-day life. It was just where this luncheon was to come from which had been troubling him, and he was really as delighted to meet Smithers as if he had been a second Alladin; but he affected to remember another pressing engagement in Park lane, which he had forgotten. With a little pressing from Smithers, however, he decided to disappoint the other party, and acceded to his request. And so, with one of Algy's cigars between his teeth, and a cloudless brow, he passed his arm through his friend's, and the pair strolled away through the Temple court.

Algy was a pleb, a rank radical, but he kept a first class table in his modest chambers, which bore more evidences of good easy bachelor existence than of hard study. Besides, he was only a theoretical socialist; one of those who abhor omnibusses because the company is so mixed, and whom one meets a few years afterwards as respectable ornaments of the Bench, and great sticklers for the recognition of their knighthood.

However, even had Smithers been so minded, Lord Brazen could just then have afforded to hear his order blackguarded over a good bottle of wine.

II.

AFTER LONG YEARS. A CHAPTER WHICH ENDS IN THE ORTHODOX FASHION.

Six years have elapsed since we parted with Lord Brazen in the Inner Temple, London. Our scene has changed from the busy streets of the metropolis to a pretty little village on the south coast of England. We are now on the great Fosky-Bosky estate.

A bronzed stranger—(we expected this)—stands in the hall of the Fosky-Bosky manor. He stands with his back to the entrance, with his hat in one hand and the other thrust into his trousers pocket. His eyes glance familiarly and rapidly over the appointments of the hall. Suddenly he makes a dive into his breast pocket and pulls out a printed document, which looks like an auctioneer's inventory. Then he looks for some once familiar object. It has gone.

"How changed," he sighs. "Tempora mutantur!" He refers, hesitatingly, to a footnote in pencil on the document, and proceeds: "O Tempus edax—rerum!" Then, after a pause, he misses something else from its accustomed place, and murmurs: "Goths! it had a sentimental value of, at least, a hundred dollars. Vandals! I'm a cool hundred out of pocket."

The stranger's last remark betrayed the fact that either he had been travelling in America, or was one of those New York aristocrats who possess ancestral seats in England in order that they may shoot and ride to hounds occasionally when Wall street's flat.

An old man, in a brilliant scarlet plush waistcoat, is seated half buried in an old-fashioned hooded armchair, studded with brass headed nails—one of those venerable relics of a past generation, which seem to link the present with the past. The first earl of Fosky-Bosky had picked it up cheap at a second-hand furniture store in Wardour street, and generations of other people's servants had sleepily awaited their master's return until the small hours of the morning in its deep recess. This, therefore, also had a sentimental interest for the stranger.

The old man is peacefully slumbering, unconscious of the stranger's entrance. It being in the middle of summer, the hall door stood wide open, to admit whatever air might be stirring. The stranger regards him fixedly. His hair is powdered; his buttons are of white metal; his shoe buckles are of the same material and painfully conspicuous. He wears knee breeches and silk stockings, but his shrunken calves do not harmonize well with the antique aspect of the chair. There is something, however, which arrests attention about this old man's calves. Although they are not beautiful, they are distinctly aristocratic; yet he is but the major-domo—a pampered menial.

The stranger seems somewhat agitated. The old man's features are familiar to him, but he cannot exactly remember under what circumstances he has seen them before. He is not the Roger Banbury Cross, neither is the livery that of the ancient Fosky-Bosky family.

At last he decides to awaken the old fellow and makes a sudden dive into the depths of the armchair and drags him out into the middle of the hall.

"The Earl of Fosky-Bosky!" he exclaims, when the light falls upon the features of the amazed servant.

"In private life, sir, the same," replies the menial. "In my official capacity, John, sir, John."

"Good heavens! How came you in this position?"

"By making an application for it, sir. I had undeniable references, and——"

"But what circumstances led to your determination to enter upon your present occupation?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I cannot bear to be flurried. My nerves won't stand it. The story is a very long one, and very sad, and the recital of it is extremely painful to me. I dislike above all things to be recognized by strangers; it recalls memories that I had wished buried in oblivion for ever. Yes, it's a very long story," he repeated, with a deep drawn sigh, more to himself than to his interlocutor, "very long—very sad."

"I do not ask, my friend, from any motives of morbid vulgar curiosity. I am exceedingly, painfully, interested in your history, and would consider myself under an everlasting obligation to you if——"

The old man nodded as he carefully placed a couple of bright gold pieces in his waistcoat pocket—a deposit on the "everlasting obligation"—and clearing his throat, began:

"Well, I'll be as brief as possible. There was a heavy mortgage on my property—this estate, you know. Things came to a crisis. My hard-hearted, villainous creditors foreclosed, and I was left in my old age penniless. I could do nothing else, so I determined to go with the fixtures at thirty shillings a week, livery and all found. In the days of my prosperity I knew very well that my butler managed to make a decent income out of his position, with the perquisites and articles which got lost sight of, and I thought that I could perform the duties satisfactorily. I applied and was employed. Of course, it's very bitter, but, bless you, I'm comfortable. My duties are light, and the family are very considerate to me. I could wish the livery was of a more retiring shade, but then Dame Fortune has been not unkind to me. My last days will be spent in peace, untroubled by duns and the cares of the world. I desire nothing more."

"Had you not a son?" enquired the stranger, with trembling lips.

"Oh, yes. A good-for-nothing, wilful, ungrateful scaramouch! I have not heard of him for years, and have not the least idea where he is now. He may be at Jericho for all I care!"

"And has it come to this?" cries the stranger, catching John to his heart, and weeping as if that organ were in danger of breaking with overpressure.

"Don't, sir!" replies John, gently removing the stranger's head from his waistcoat. "Don't give way, sir,—don't weep; it spoils the plush."

"Father, father!" Don't you recognize me?" "Goodness, gracious! It's the prodigal returned—and we've nothing but hash for dinner! Can it be possible that you are my Lord Brazen, my long lost, much beloved, son?" The old man then threw his arms passionately about the prodigal's neck, and gave full vent to his feelings. After a reasonable exhibition of joy on both sides, the old gentleman enquired what his son had been doing during the long years of their separation.

"Listen," replied Lord Brazen, striking an attitude appropriate to a theatrical *denouement*. "I left a land, which was full of nothing but bitter memories and duns for me, and emigrated to America. Algy, my old friend, advanced the money requisite for my passage—I shudder to think of the interest which has accumulated, and is likely to accumulate, upon that debt. The second day after my arrival the president of a large banking concern, knowing that I was a principal in this story, waited upon me and implored me, upon his bended knees, to accept a position as secretary-treasurer. Had I saved his life on the passage over? No. The author omitted to introduce that incident until too late, and it got edited out of the story. The editor intimated that the exigencies of space, etc. Well, it was a sore trial—a bitter humiliation; but with a noble heroism I immolated myself upon the altar of mammon for the benefit of my family—that's you and myself. For six weary years I helped that corporation and myself to the best of my ability. One

morning, however, the secretary-treasurer awoke with an intense yearning to revisit his native land. His vivid imagination pictured the rural delights and retirements of its lovely green lanes and the city became in comparison hideous and oppressive. Certain 'posters,' stating a bank manager 'was wanted,' offended his eyes on moral and artistic grounds. A place that required such a large staff of police to maintain law and order was manifestly unsafe. He grew so morbidly nervous and home sick, in the course of the day, that he did not show up at the bank, but took a passage for Liverpool in the mail boat that sailed at noon, and—here he is!"

"Capital, Percy, my boy; you are a genius. Oh, if I had only been born with a talent for finance! But there, regret is useless; that way, madness lies. I suppose the American papers by this time have published full and appreciative accounts of your wonderful administrative abilities?"

"Certainly. I've dropped my title in consequence. True greatness shuns the maddening crowd."

"Oh, that's only a trifle. We must journey to some foreign clime and try new ones. How would you like to be a count, Percy?"

"Not much. Counts are at a discount."

"What a witty, mercenary cuss you are, Percy. Still a count counts for something at some places—Monte Carlo, for instance."

The earl, as we may still call him to the end of the story, touched a bell cord, and a fellow servant, in plush, obeyed the summons.

"William," he cried, his face glowing with honest enthusiasm, "this is the finale! Bring forth the fatted calf—no, no! I mean the blushing bride expectant. Tell her its time to 'ring down.'"

Mary Elizabeth was on the scene in the twinkling of an eye. A moment previously she had been engaged in depriving Spanish onions of their outer garments, preparatory to mixing them with other ingredients for a dish of Irish stew—it was a washing day. Naturally, therefore, she wept copiously. It was all so sudden, so unexpected.

Lord Brazen rushed forward and received her half fainting form in his arms. He then imprinted a chaste salute upon her alabaster brow, the reverberation of which was the signal for the two gentlemen in plush to retire precipitately to the regions below.

We feel confident that the reader, like ourselves, is not a whit less delicate than the plushes, so we will drop the curtain upon this joyful reunion.

* * * * *

N.B.—We had almost forgotten to mention a matter of paramount importance in a romance of this character.

Of course, Mary was discovered to have been a duchess masquerading as a kitchen maid, in order to see if she could win some true man's heart, without the aid of the superficial attractions of rank and fortune.

[Different readers will judge of this story in different ways. Some will storm against it as coarse, with no redeeming character; others will simply wonder what the author meant, if he meant anything; and still others will fail to see what moral is to be enforced by it. The editor, who was the first to proclaim and make public the clever young writer, when he put forth a short sketch, some time last winter, accepted this contribution from him as a pretty successful burlesque on the class of harrowing short stories, quite popular in England, supposed to be written by persons of "the quality" and meant to ridicule their own caste.—Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]

GOING THE ROUNDS.—Greatness is paid homage to by some people in peculiar ways. Everybody must remember the story told in connection with Victor Hugo. The great poet was startled one morning by the intrusion of three Englishmen. "Victor Hugo," said one consulting a memorandum book. The poet bowed, thinking that he should be asked for his autograph next. After the visitors had stared for a few seconds the memorandum book was again consulted. "Eleven o'clock; the lions!" said the spokesman. Then the party bowed and walked out of the room.—*Chambers' Journal*.



FLOWER PEDDLER IN PARIS.—From the painting by Louis de Schryver, in the last *Salon*.



A RUSSIAN BEAUTY.

From the painting by Chovmakoff.



M. Rousseau is a new writer, who believes in the plan of teaching the history of his country by means of the novel. He has made the experience in a volume on "The Exploits of Iberville,"* and may, perhaps, follow it up by a drama, believing that there is a "veritable apostolate" in that also. However this may be, we contented ourselves with going through the book, curious to see how the project was carried out. The verdict is not unfavourable. There is a great deal of history in the pages, and a great deal of love-making, with all the adventures, more or less hackneyed, that attend this interesting period of every man's and woman's career. Singularly enough, however, much of the historical part has nothing to do with Iberville, and the plot of the story is almost independent of his exploits, so that the title of the work is hardly well chosen. It does not follow, however, that it is not worth reading. On the contrary, one gets along with it first rate, amazed at times at the crosses of love, and thrilled, at others, by the old familiar sensations of the war-whoop and tomahawk. The massacre of Lachine makes a lively opening, and the whole career of Iberville is brought in, especially toward the end. There is too much of the legendary, of course, in the deeds of the hero—which is not healthy as historical training—but the method is natural enough, and has been followed by all novelists in like circumstances. The story itself—which hinges on the loves of Yvonne Kernouet, daughter of a rich peasant, in the island of Montreal, and of Urbain Duperret-Janson, a French naval officer,—is told with much dash, and that wonderful breaking through obstacles which young readers delight in. Altogether, it is a good beginning for the author, of whom we hear for the first time, and we trust that the favour with which this attempt is received by his own people may give him heart to continue his series of romantic and dramatic history.

The early church records of Eastern Ontario are enriched by a little work, giving the history of the late Alexander Macdonell, first Roman Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada.† The author is a namesake and a kinsman, W. J. Macdonell, who knew personally the subject of his sketch, and gathered the materials for his account, eight and forty years after the death of the same. Alexander Macdonell was born in Glen Urquhart, Inverness-shire, on the 17th July, 1762, and pursued his studies at the Scottish colleges of Paris and Valladolid till he was raised to the priesthood, in 1787. He was stationed as a missionary in the Braes of Lochaber, for four or five years, during which time, braving the penal laws, he went down to Glasgow, with 700 or 800 Highland labourers, dispossessed of their small farms that were turned to sheep walks, and got them employment in the factories for two years. In 1794 he caused to be raised the First Glengarry Fencible Regiment, as a Catholic corps, and was gazetted chaplain. He served with this corps in Guernsey and Ireland till 1802, when the regiment was disbanded, on the declaration of peace. In 1803 Mr. Macdonell obtained the Sign Manual for a grant of land to every officer and soldier of the Glengarry regiment whom he introduced into Upper Canada. On arriving at Quebec, he was appointed to the mission of St. Raphael, and the county of Glengarry then became his residence for the next five and twenty years. He obtained patent deeds for 160,000 acres to his new clients, and also for the lands of his own followers, then set about building churches and establishing schools, travelling all over the vast province of Upper Canada. In 1820 Mr. Macdonell was made Vicar Apostolic, and in 1826 first Bishop of Regiopolis or Kingston. All these years were filled with good works, many particulars of which are set down in this book, and he died, full of years and merits, at Dumfries, Scotland, on January 14, 1840. The slight space at our command does not allow us to do full justice to this work, but we may say to the author that he has contributed one of the most valuable records to Canadian special history that we have yet seen.

* Les Exploits d'Iberville, par Edmond Rousseau. Quebec, C. Darveau, 12° paper, pp. 254.

† Reminiscences of the late Hon. and Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, First Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada, etc. Toronto, Williamson & Co., 12° paper, pp. 55.

PERSONAL POINTS.

General Sheridan is still fighting for his life.

Hon. C. H. Tupper has taken hold of his Department.

Miss Mather, the actress, is a Canadian, born at Tilbury, 21 October 1860.

The mystery of the White Pasha marching on Barh-El-Gahzell is still unsolved.

Sir Henry Tyler, president of the Grand Trunk Railway, will probably visit Canada in August.

Bishop Southgate (missionary for Constantinople) who is still living, was consecrated in 1844 and resigned in 1850.

Colonel Bond, of the Canadian Wimbledon team, held an At Home which the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne attended.

Mrs. Siddons, going to see Dr. Johnson, found no chair, on which he said that when Mrs. S. appeared there was never a seat to be had.

The oldest bishop in years in the American Church is Bishop Kip, of California, who was born in 1812, and is consequently 76 years of age.

Sir Lister Kaye, who is now in Winnipeg, states that he has made all the necessary financial arrangements in England to proceed with his great farming scheme.

It is announced that Major-General Cameron, son-in-law of Sir Charles Tupper, is to succeed General Oliver as Commandant of the R. M. College at Kingston.

Mr. C. S. Burroughs has presented to the Montreal Chess Club a framed portrait, to hang in the club room, of the late Dr. Zukertort, the eminent chess player.

The Colchester Liberals have nominated A. G. Morrison to oppose ex-Governor Archibald. Mr. Morrison is a son of the late Hon. Thos. Morrison and is a member of a Halifax law firm.

The Prince of Wales wears a billycock hat, smokes a short pipe and drives about in a hired carriage when at Cannes or Nice, and cuts everybody who attempts to treat him as a prince.

Lord Stanley of Preston, who has had only fair sport at Cascapedia, is most generous in the disposal of his fish, all the lords, dignitaries, civil, municipal and ecclesiastical, coming in for their share.

The Governor-General will not visit Kingston during the holding of the Provincial Exhibition. He has accepted an invitation to open the Industrial Exhibition in Toronto, on Wednesday, September 11.

There is no bishop in actual service in the Protestant Episcopal Church of America whose consecration outdates 1851, the year when Bishop Williams, the presiding bishop of that Church, was consecrated.

There are about thirty grand dukes in Russia, all of them near relatives to the Czar. Each receives from the state an annual pension amounting to \$80,000, and the majority of them have large private fortunes besides.

General Harrison's maternal great-grand-father, John Cleves Symmes, who purchased from the Government the site of the city of Cincinnati, was not the promulgator of the "Symmes hole" notion, but was the uncle and namesake of that theorist.

The Bishop of Fredericton, now in his 84th year, and Bishop Austin, of Guiana, now 80 years of age, are the oldest actively engaged bishops in years and length of service in the Church of England at home, in the colonies, or in the great daughter church of America.

Mr. Benjamin Sulte has examined the tomb at Three Rivers opened a year ago by Mr. L. Pothier, and has come to the conclusion that it was that of Capitana, the Algonquin chief who induced Champlain to establish a fort at Three Rivers. The chief was famous both as an orator and a warrior.

Among the members returned at the general election for the new North-West Legislative Assembly is Capt. Wm. Thorburn, of Shipton, formerly Captain of No. 1 company 54th Batt., and for some time farm manager of the Richmond Agricultural College. He represents the Bow-River district, and had the poll by a large majority.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

An epigram of an old Greek poet has been running through my mind for the past week, and this is the shape it has taken at last:—

I ask no fields with plenty crowned,
I ask no wealth, as Gyges owned,
Dear Laclede; all I seek,
Is what the wants of life require,
Beef, porter, bread, a cheering fire,
My paper once a week.

I ask no store of paltry pelf,
To make me quite forget myself;
Such ills doth wealth afford;
To me a "combine" hath no charms,
To me the "stocks" cause no alarms,
I envy not a hoard.

The master-minds of other days,
The bards whom wond'ring nations praise,
To me their treasures bring.
Homer and Virgil me inspire,
For me Anacreon strikes his lyre,
For me does Horace sing.

And they, the chiefs of elder time,
The denizens of every clime,
The patriot men of yore,—
For me they live, for me they bleed,
For me they do the heroic deed:—
What can I wish for more?

With wealth like this, with friends like these,
I live in no "inglorious ease;"
Nor rend the air with groans,
Because there's been denied to me
The complement of L. S. D.,
That's lavished upon Jones.

H. M.



He—Are you fond of noodles, Miss May?

She—Am I to understand this to be an offer of marriage, Mr. Smith?

A definition of matrimony, quoted by Lord Beaconsfield, but said originally by Gibbon to Lord Sheffield: "Choice difficult—success doubtful—engagement perpetual."

Surprised Dame—What! And you have refused Mr. de Good? I thought you liked him.

Lovely Daughter—I did, but none of the other girls seemed to care a snap for him.

A good story is told of a photograph in a shop window in Turin; it was taken from "La belle Jardinière", but in deference to insular ignorance, this had been translated into English as "Gardener's Fine Woman."

Miss Clara (at the seashore)—How gracefully young Mr. De Lyle handles the ribbons when driving, doesn't he?

Miss Jennie—He ought to, my dear; he has charge of that department at Silk & Satin's, you know.

Several Indians who went on the war path recently were overtaken by four white men and killed. It is feared that our government had not provided the unfortunate Indians with the latest improved rifles. —*Norristown Herald*.

"Who is that distinguished looking man across the street?"

"I don't know his name, but he's an Englishman."

"A lord, I wonder?"

"I don't think so; I saw him getting change for \$5 a while ago."

Brown—That's a handsome umbrella you've got there, Robinson.

Robinson—Yes.

Brown—About what does it cost to carry an umbrella like that?

Robinson—Eternal vigilance.

Professor Pasteur—Oui, I must admit it. My plan for killing Australian rabbits by inoculating them with cholera of chicken has failed.

American—I'll tell you what to do. Just convince the rabbits that they will have hydrophobia unless they can get to you for treatment and they will die fast enough. —*Omaha World*.

"Do you know what Greenberry is doing now?"

"He's in a museum."

"In what capacity?"

"As a freak."

"How can he pass as a freak?"

"Well he has not broken one of his New Year's resolutions yet." —*Lincoln Journal*.

Featherly was making his customary Wednesday night call, and Bobby was sustaining his part of the conversation with his usual ease and fluency.

"Ma," he said, "do people who steal get into trouble?"

"Certainly, Bobby. Why?"

"I heard Clara say that Mr. Featherly would get into trouble if he didn't stop stealing kisses." —*The Epoch*.

A traveling man for a certain New York house was put on the witness stand in court.

"Do you solemnly swear," said the clerk, "that the evidence you shall give in the case now on hearing shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

The witness hesitated, and then said: "I've been selling goods for Blanks & Co. for five years—but I'll do my best." —*Merchant Traveler*.

Metropolitan Editor—Write an able article carefully reviewing the topography and population of Central Africa, the dangers incident to travel from men and beasts, give the line of Stanley's probable march and your conclusions regarding Stanley's probable fate.

Assistant—I don't know anything about it.

"Neither does any one else. It's a splendid subject for fine writing." —*Omaha World*.

"Dear, dear," said a kind-hearted matron, on meeting a friend whom she had not seen for a long time, "dear, dear, and you're not yet married, Jane, and with your good looks, too!"

"No, I'm single yet," replied Jane, with a pleasant laugh.

"And how comes it that you are still single?"

"Well," replied Jane, with a twinkle of her eye, "I expect, like Topsy, I was born so."

A young cock and a hen were speaking of the size of eggs. Said the cock: "I once laid an egg—" "Oh, you did!" interrupted the hen, with a derisive cackle. "Pray how did you manage it?" The cock felt injured in his self-esteem, and turning his back upon the hen, addressed himself to a brood of young chickens. "I once laid an egg—" The chickens chirped incredulously, and passed on. The insulted bird reddened in the wattles with indignation, and strutting up to the patriarch of the entire barnyard, repeated his assertion. The patriarch nodded gravely, as if the feat were an every-day affair, and the other continued: "I once laid an egg alongside of a watermelon, and compared the two. The vegetable was considerably the larger." This fable shows the absurdity of hearing all a man has to say.

VICTOR HUGO.

Another posthumous work of the famous Frenchman has recently been published in Paris. It is in two volumes, with a preface by M. Paul Meurice, and is entitled *Toute la Lyre*. Though translators are proverbially traitors, I have attempted a version of the following brief lyric, which is entitled:—

PHILOSOPHIE AMOUREUSE.

Horace, et toi, vieux La Fontaine,
Vous avez dit: Il est un jour
Où le cœur qui palpite à peine
Sent comme une chanson lointaine
Mourir la joie et fuir l'amour.

O poètes, l'amour réclame
Quand vous dites: "Nous n'aimons plus,
Nous pleurons, nous n'avons plus d'âmes,
Nous cachons dans nos cœurs sans flamme
Cupidon gouteux et perclus."

Le temps d'aimer jamais ne passe,
Non, jamais le cœur n'est fermé.
Hélas! vieux Jean, ce qui s'efface,
Ce qui s'en va, mon doux Horace,
C'est le temps où l'on est aimé.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

Horace, and thou, old La Fontaine,
Have warned us that there comes a day
When hearts their warmth no more retain,
And, like the echo of some strain,
Love's wonted rapture dies away.

O poets! Love protests, when'er
You sing that love no more inspires
Your breasts, and that you only bear
Within your hearts, now worn with care,
The ashes of their former fires.

Love lasts until man's latest day,
Friend Horace, and old La Fontaine!
Alas! what fills me with dismay
Is that no hand the hour can stay
When Age no more is loved again!

GEO. MURRAY.

QUAINT FANCIES AND RHYMES.

BY A COLLECTOR.

III.

THE KYRIEL.

The Kyriel, which means, from the Greek, a cry for mercy, has got to bear a French meaning equivalent to "repetition" or "return," and that is the distinguishing feature of this form of verse. The poem is of four lined verses of eight syllable lines, having the last line of each the same. The model is thus laid down by Theodore de Banville:—

Qui vouldra scavoir la pratique
De cette rime juridique,
Je dis que bien mise en effet
La Kyrielle ainsi si fait.

De plante de sillabes huit
Usez en donc si bien vous duit;
Pour faire le couplet parfait
La Kirielle ainsi si fait.

A slight example may be chosen from Clinton Scollard, more for the "facture" than for the thought or sentiment, which are both commonplace enough:—

In spring Love came, a welcome guest,
And tarried long at my behest;
Now autumn wanes, the skies are grey,
But loyal Love flees not away.

I charmed with melodious lays
Through long rose scented summer days;
My songs no more are clear and gay,
But loyal Love flees not away.

We plucked and twined the myrtle flowers,
Made joyance in the sylvan bowers;
The blooms have died, wild winds hold sway,
But loyal Love flees not away.

Gone are the fiving crickets, gone
The feathered harbingers of dawn,
And gone the woodland's bright display,
But loyal Love flees not away.

With intermingled light and shade
The shifting seasons come and fade;
Our fond hopes fail, false friends betray,
But loyal Love flees not away.



THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.—"Father," said Rollo, "the feudal times were hard, but these few dollar times are harder, are they not?" "I will not say, my son," replied Mr. Holiday, kindly, as he tied a large one in the knotty end of a skate strap, "that they are knot, but I hold here in my hand something that will strike a few times as being the hardest lines that ever fell in your experience. I don't propose to spend money and time on a boy's education to have him turn out a mouthing paragrapher."—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle*.

ORIGIN OF "GIVE HIM JESSY."—When two American boys are fighting together and a crowd is watching the mill, a spectator will often encourage one of the contestants by crying "Give him Jessy!" In my own boyhood the expression was too familiar to seem worthy of note. Hearing it after many years, it seemed a subject fit for inquiry. It appears certain that this phrase is a remnant of the days when the language of falconry was as familiar among the youths as that of horse racing now is. The jess was a thong by which the bird was attached to the wrist, and when it retrieved badly it appears to have been the custom to punish it by the application of the thong. It is not unlikely that this convenient bit of leather may also have been used from time to time in arguments with boys.—*Journal of American Folk Lore*.

THE WRONG LEG.—English papers are jocular concerning a young lady, a member of the Ladies' Ambulance corps of London, who enthusiastically performed a very remarkable surgical operation off hand. Seeing a man knocked down by a cab in a crowded thoroughfare, and being told that his leg had been fractured, she instantly volunteered to put the limb in splints. Onlookers furnished her with a walking stick, a parasol and some handkerchiefs, and she dexterously applied her material amid the applause of the crowd. Her only mistake was that she put the wrong leg in splints, as was discovered when the sufferer was raised. But her intentions were excellent and her manipulation very clever. The same may be said of the American oculist who recently, after chloroforming the patient, had the misfortune to extract the good eye. So the wicked reporters say.—*New York Graphic*.

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.—Why is it that a girl or woman will, willingly, and even gleefully, put on a bathing suit which terminates, except for a stocking, at the knee, and in that costume race and run in and out of the water or sun herself with all possible complacency on the beach, surrounded by "horrid men," when the very same day, if her house dress or street dress happens to blow aside so as to reveal a single inch of her stocking, she is covered with confusion as with a garment, and mentally accuses herself of immodesty, of impropriety, and of all the minor sins in the feminine calendar? It is the same young man, the same young woman and the same legs; why then such a difference? Can it be in reason, that the little space between the beach and the hotel has power to make that a sin which was no sin? to convert a modest, innocent girl into a brazen, shameless creature? to alter the relations between the sexes so that a man who sees for an instant on the beach a street what he has seen at will on the beach is a monster and a villain? If this be true, locality is a more potent force than philosophers have ever dreamt of, and the sins which have been laid to the charge of the devil, or any other all-pervading principle of evil, must now be shifted to the shoulders of the demon of locality. We must revise our code of morals and make the ethical quality of an action dependant not upon intent, but on the place where it occurs.

AROUND THE DOMINION.

Peach trees are reported thriving in Rockwood, Man.

Wheat harvesting will commence in about two weeks in some parts of Manitoba.

The Prohibition Convention at Montreal adopted a resolution that it is the duty of the Dominion Government to enforce the Scott Act.

There is a very considerable migration of the Metis taking place, not only from Batoche, but from many other sections of the Northwest to the Peace River district.

This year a large number have been attracted by accounts of the fertility of Peace River region, and next year it is most probable that the migration will be very large.

The statement of the public debt of the Dominion on the 30th June places the total gross debt at \$281,321,805.30; total net debt, \$227,242,784.76, a decrease of debt during the month of \$745,632.50.

The writ for Colchester to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of the Hon. Mr. McLellan to the lieutenant-governorship of Nova Scotia, has been issued. Nomination will take place on the 8th and polling on the 15th of August.

A permanent permit to sell liquors has been granted the Canadian Pacific Railway hotel at Banff, N.W.T., by Governor Royal, and following on a similar privilege to the dining cars has aroused some feeling amongst prohibitionists.

Everything is prosperous in the Northwest. Crop prospects are splendid, and the yield promises to be much greater than last year. The Indians are perfectly quiet, the ranchmen are doing well, and in every way the country is prospering.

Mr. McFarlane, chief analyst of the Inland Revenue Department, has all but concluded the analysis of the samples of Canadian cheese, instigated at the request of the Imperial Government, and it is understood the results will fully demonstrate the purity of that article.

The Bank of Scotland invites subscription for £100,000 4 per cent. debentures at 99 of Hamilton Provident and Loan Society. The object of the issue is to pay off terminable debentures, also to permit increased business. The *Canadian Gazette* strongly commends the stock.

MILITIA NEWS.

We clip, from the last number of the *Canadian Militia Gazette*, a few paragraphs which may interest even outside of military circles:—

Capt. H. C. Freer, I.S.C., attached as lieutenant to "B" company, at St. Johns, Que., has been transferred to "D" company, London, Ont., in which he will act as captain. Capt. Freer's leave of absence from the Imperial South Staffordshire regiment expires in the Fall, when he will probably have to rejoin it or abandon his commission. Capt. J. W. Sears, with "C" Company, Toronto, who has had similar leave from the same regiment, has given notice of his intention to return to it in the fall.

A Canadian militia officer, Capt. C. Greville Harston, of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, Toronto, had the exceptional honour of appointment to the staff of this year's camp at Wimbledon. His duties were especially in connection with the quick firing competitions. The honour was, no doubt, conferred in recognition of Capt. Harston's services in connection with his magazine attachment invention, as well as out of compliment to the Canadian militia, of which he is a worthy representative.

It is now some weeks since you have heard from "Busby," owing to the fact of the departure of that highly esteemed and much respected member of the Vics to his new home, in Vancouver, B.C., where he has secured a very lucrative position. He left Montreal on the 4th of July, and carries with him the good wishes of all. The loss which the regiment has sustained by the departure of Staff-Sergt. Brocklesby ("Busby") is very great indeed, and it will be very difficult to secure another to fill his place; he was loved by all with whom he came in contact, his genial manner and the faithful and willing way in which he performed any duty assigned to him gained for him the highest respect of all. He is gone—aye, gone—but not forgotten.

As expected, the council of the Quebec Provincial Rifle association have decided, in default of an available range elsewhere, to hold the annual prize competition at Ottawa this year. It will commence on Tuesday, 7th August. The association will furnish all competitors from Quebec province tickets from Montreal to Ottawa and return, without charge. This generous action should result in an undiminished attendance from the province, while the fact that the matches are held on Rideau range will increase the attendance of Ottawa men, who every year take a prominent part in the matches at Montreal.

The comprehensive handbook entitled "Rank, Badges and Dates in Her Majesty's Army and Navy," and constituting an invaluable reference work and record of the noted events in the annals of these services, has been officially approved by the Intelligence Department of the Army, and has been placed in the War Office library. The author of this "Service Debrett" is Capt. Otley L. Perry, of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Loyal North Lancashire regiment. This officer, who is a ready and reliable writer on military topics, travelled through Canada last fall, and was then at work in revising the work for the second edition.



"ALL ALONE."

From an etching by the late Allan Edson.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway

has provided its usual extensive list of tourist tickets to the various summer resorts of Canada and New England, which may be obtained at its different agencies at very reasonable rates.

Among the most desirable localities covered by these tickets may be mentioned Banff, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore, and San Francisco. The sleeping and dining cars of the company's transcontinental trains are proverbial for their comfort and luxury, and now that the hotels at Banff, Field, Glacier, Fraser Cañon and Vancouver are all completed and open for guests, every want of the traveller is carefully provided for.

Tourist tickets to the above mentioned points are good for six months and permit stop over at pleasure.

From Montreal the rates are:

To Banff and return.	- \$90 00
To Vancouver, Victoria, Tacoma, Seattle, or Portland and return.	125 00
To San Francisco and return.	- - - 140 00

From other stations the rates are proportionately low.

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